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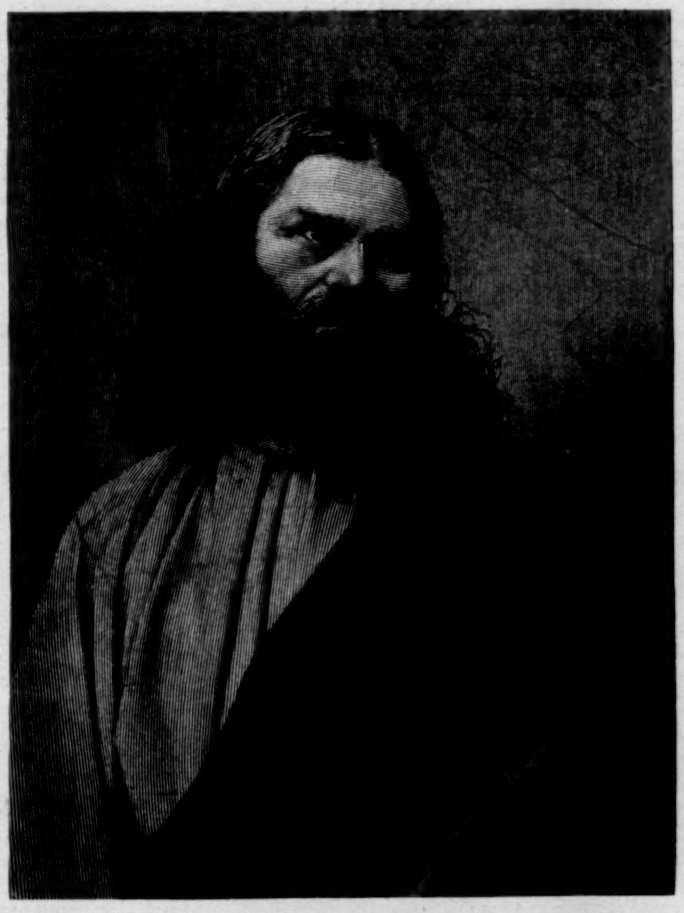
OBERAMMERGAU.—1890.

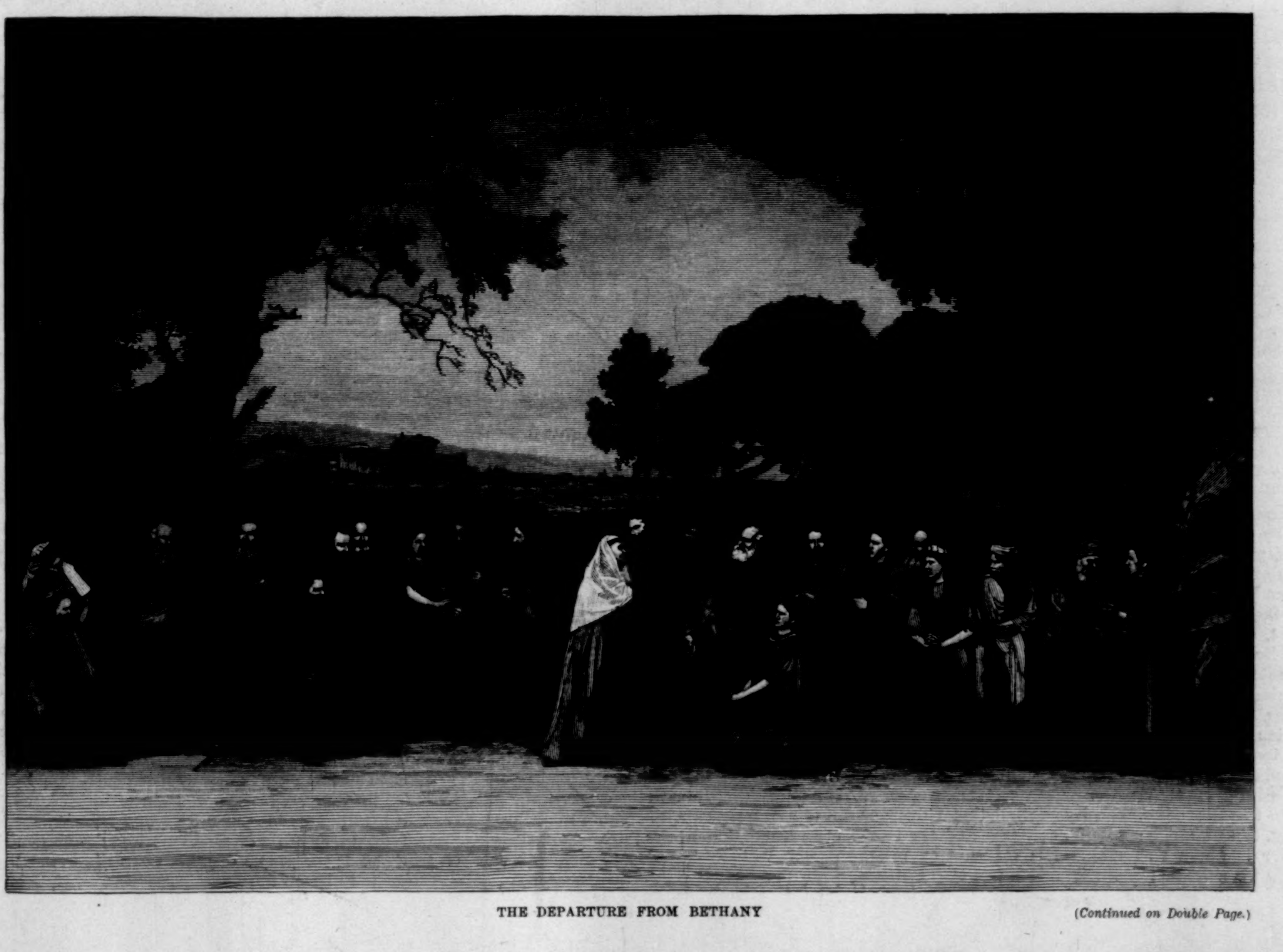
BY WILLIAM ALLEN BUTLER.

A TREMBLING vow breathed in a night of fears;
A votive offering wet with bitter tears;
Faith's faltering cry through thickest midnight gloom;
Hope's last faint signal by the opening tomb;
Thus, in despair, the stricken peasants prayed:
"O, Father, if this cruel plague be stayed,
We and our children pledge ourselves to Thee,
In every decade of the years to be,
While Ammer's waters through our valley glide,
Or Kofel's summit greets the morning tide,
With all our powers, however scant and rude,
In very act and true similitude,
Before the world and in the light of day,
The Saviour's cross and Passion to portray."

The prayer was heard, so runs the record old;
Thenceforth no lamb was stricken in the fold,
Nor man nor matron, youth or maiden died,
But healing balm, breathed from the mountain-side,
Brought back new health to wasted forms, and gave
In every home a rescue from the grave.
Safe in its hill-girt vale the hamlet slept;
Through the green dales the gentle Ammer swept,
New blessings bringing to each peasant door,
And all was peace and plenty as of yore;
While far above, fit genius of the place,
Gray Kofel, towering from his massive base,
Still kept his sentry watch, where, stern and lone,
Rose to the sky his rugged, cross-tipped cone.

The trembling lips which breathed that early vow,
Long stilled in death, are dust and ashes now;
The years have flown, the centuries rolled away,
Kingdoms and crowns have crumbled to decay,


CHRISTUS (JOSEF MAIER).


THE DEPARTURE FROM BETHANY

(*Continued on Double Page.*)

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THE NEW YORK SENATORSHIP.

THE chief interest of the session of the New York Legislature this year is the election of a Senator of the United States. The political situation is that which is supposed to characterize the traditionally incomprehensible politics of New York. Both the great parties are divided within their own ranks, but upon the united vote in the Legislature the Democrats are in a majority. The successor of Mr. EVARTS will be therefore a Democrat. The Senatorship of New York is a trust to which the ablest members of the dominant party may well aspire. Indeed a seat in the Senate with the prestige of the imperial State as its constituency, seems to many men as desirable a place as our politics offer. But the Senate is now less an assembly of conspicuous leaders than it has often been, and, upon the Democratic side, the youngest Senator, Mr. CARLISLE, is probably the most eminent. Of late years other reasons than distinguished ability, public service, or evident fitness have brought members into the Senate. Our system of party organization, which is irrespective of all such qualifications, makes unexpected Senators. The great part which money now plays in politics and elections is obvious in the choice of Senators, and it is becoming more and more the conviction that only rich men can afford to go to the Senate.

In this State, however, it is agreed that Governor HILL can be the Senator if he desires, and the Governor is not a rich man. His opportunity arises from his skill as a politician. He has obtained the undisputed control of the Democratic organization in the State, and his will is law. We say undisputed, although there are many Democrats who are opposed to him. But the opposition is an unorganized feeling. It is conceded that, except by a combination of a few recusant Democrats with Republicans, the Governor, if he refuses to be elected, will practically appoint the Senator. The list of candidates is not large, and contains no very eminent name, and perhaps none which would be instantly recognized as of conspicuous fitness. In a State of six millions of people, in which party activity is so warm and constant, it is natural, in view of such an election, to expect some names of great prominence to present themselves. But that is not the case. Various worthy and some not so worthy gentlemen have been named, but none of what may be called the Senatorial quality of the Senator who is to be replaced. Mr. EVARTS's career in the Senate may not have fulfilled all the anticipation with which his election was greeted, but his general distinction, his ability, his public service, are and were unquestionable.

The Democratic party will be judged by its selection of his successor. It is quite as much by such personal considerations as by its general public professions that a party is measured. There is, indeed, no test of a party so satisfactory as the kind of men that it selects to represent it. Platform professions are vague and irresponsible, but representatives vote. The Democratic party in New York, for obvious reasons, is always very conspicuous, and Tammany Hall is the key to much of the general feeling in regard to the party. Governor HILL's supremacy is another source of that feeling. To the general political mind of the country, Tammany and the Governor, much more than tariff reform, or any other reform, stand for "Democracy," as the leadership of Mr. PLATT in New York stands for Republicanism. The votes that will elect the Senator are those of representatives just elected. If there be any virtue in our institutions, those votes will show the disposition of the dominant party in the State. As the session opens, the immediate interest is concentrated upon the fortunes of the candidates. But the final selection, by whatever considerations decided, will be very important to the party. The election of the Governor with his consent would be the proof of the ascendency of the Democratic influence which is opposed to Mr. CLEVELAND. The election of Mr. SMITH M. WEED would show the indifference of Democratic New York to tariff reform. It is a very interesting election.

A NEW PARTY.

A FARMER in Illinois writes that he is a member of the Farmers' Alliance, but neither a socialist nor a quixotic currency man. Indeed, he says that the financial schemes sometimes associated with the Alliance are not supported in Illinois, and that the Alliance is not at all united upon the financial question. He says, "The farmers feel that they have been robbed when the government grants subsidies to the railroad and steam-ship interest, and also when they are taxed that manufacturers may get rich." This is undoubtedly one of the feelings from which the Alliance springs, while the financial and other schemes are added to the platform in order to catch votes. The natural tendency of every such movement, when the impelling reason does not seem to be strong enough to secure an adequate party organization, is to pool several issues which are not related, but each of which seems very important to certain persons, with the view of pooling votes as well as issues.

That the agricultural interest should be impatient under a system which levies taxes on its supplies, but which in the nature of the case cannot really "protect" its productions, is not surprising. But the relief which is sought lies in tariff reform, and as this is a professed purpose of the Alliance, and is also the present platform of a great party, what is the reason, so far as this question is concerned, for the Alliance? Why could not a farmer like our correspondent, who seeks relief from an unjust tariff, support a party which proposes that very relief which he holds to be the most important of questions? What does he gain by entering into a new organization which, in order to secure support, professes doctrines and schemes which he does not approve? Rag-bag parties are not successful, because they do not cohere. When the abolition movement began, Mr. GARRISON'S associates used to complain that he mixed up with it non-resistance and woman's rights and total abstinence and other subjects, which, however good in themselves, did not concern the abolition of slavery, but did alienate many good friends of that cause. Mr. GARRISON defended his course by saying that he held those views not as an abolitionist, but as a man. But none the less they were unquestionably associated injuriously with the cause in the public mind.

If a farmer or a multitude of farmers object to class legislation in the form of a tariff, why not oppose it with those who are already organized as a party to oppose it, unless there be some other measure of the party which they dislike, and which such union would promote? Or is the view that we have stated incorrect, and in the Farmers' Alliance are the financial schemes the objective point of the leaders, and is tariff reform added for the satisfaction of those who, like our correspondent, are peculiarly interested in it? Our correspondent will see that when a new party platform is constructed of many measures, and is not the simple expression of a strong and united purpose, such as the restriction of slave territory, which was the single great purpose of the Republican organization in 1853, it will not stand, or will stand only upon its strongest prop, while the others fall. The Farmers' Alliance is supreme for the time in South Carolina, but our correspondent will not assert that tariff reform is there its chief concern. It need not have divided the Democratic party in the State to secure that result, and what the general movement under the name of Farmers' Alliance means is not yet clear.

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC POLITICS.

THE recent excitement over the action of PARNELL has placed in a very strong light a curious but not unfamiliar fact. It is that of the part in British politics which is played by a class of American citizens. Such a part in our own politics played or attempted to be played by any body of British subjects would be very promptly resented by us. But during the last few weeks addresses and messages of every kind, urging particular courses of political action, and appealing to feelings and considerations entirely foreign to American affairs, have been sent over the ocean to affect political action in another country, and foreigners but a few weeks in this country have declared by cable that "America stands by" this or that course or person in political conflicts elsewhere. Mr. TIMOTHY HARRINGTON, an Irishman who has passed some weeks in this country, returned to Ireland, and on the eve of the Kilkenny election issued a manifesto in which, according to the report, he announced that "the citizens of the United States and the Irish in America would never submit to the deposition of Mr. PARNELL." It would be interesting to see an American, after a short sojourn in England, returning on the eve of an election, and announcing that the people of Great Britain and Americans in England would not submit to the defeat of Mr. HARRISON or Mr. CLEVELAND.

When such manifestoes proceed from strangers, they express very impertinently merely the opinions of those who send them. Any American in England pending an election in this country might telegraph that England devoutly hopes for the election of Codlins, or might even appeal to the voters of New York to take care not to alienate Tammany Hall. But when citizens and voters in one country urgently appeal to those in another to support certain candidates or to favor particular policies, the inquiry is pertinent, Are you Americans, or are you citizens of two countries? When a man, leaving his native land, chooses this country for his home, and becomes lawfully an American citizen and voter, he agrees morally and honorably to renounce his political allegiance to his native land, and while, of course, he does not renounce his affection for it, nor his interest in its welfare, he does agree not to interfere with its own management of its own affairs. In his late address upon this subject, Mr. THEODORE ROOSEVELT said, truly and forcibly: "This country has no use for Irish Americans, German Americans, Italian Americans, or any other kind except plain, straightforward Americans.... We have the right to demand that they shall leave their native politics at home, and become real Americans. It is an outrage for people living here as Americans to mix up Irish politics, British politics, or any other foreign politics with our politics. Americanism is not a matter of birthplace or creed. It is a matter of spirit, of character, and of loyal citizenship."

The question is plain and pertinent, If a naturalized citizen cannot leave his old politics behind him, why does he not stay with them? No man can be properly an American citizen and be actively engaged in French or Italian politics, and the French and Italian governments, as well as honest citizens of those countries, have a just right to complain of the practical participation of foreigners in their political affairs. It was understood some time ago that American citizens supplied the money to enable certain persons to sit in the British Parliament. How should we have liked to know that the money to enable certain Americans to run for Congress had been subscribed in England? It is sometimes alleged that the gold of the Cobden Club has defrayed the election expenses of free-trade candidates for Congress. But if that story were believed, there would be a storm. There is an obvious line of distinction between expressions of interest and sympathy with moral movements in other countries and practical interferenee with their politics, and no loyal American who expects the people of other countries to observe it will fail himself to respect it.

HAPPY NEW-YEAR!

Happy New-Year will be wished this year as universally as ever, but the aspect of the old New-Year's Day is gone. What youth now sets forth to make a hundred calls, the southern Ultima Thule being Park Place, and the northern Union Square? What hospitable house dares now to be renowned on this auspicious morning for its eggnog, its rum punch, its chocolate, its mulled wine? What a pleasant, bustling, busy, breezy air the well-dressed crowd had, running up steps and down steps, and checking triumphantly the diminishing list!

With what gayety and *bonhomie*, and an air of wit, the ordinary greetings were exchanged: "Good-morning!" "Happy New-Year!" "Good-by!" "Call again next year!" It was a pretty spectacle and a pleasant salutation. Did you enjoy it, sir or madam; and, pray, why? Was it so exhilarating to say "Good-morning"? Was it such happiness to hear "Call again"? Not at all. It was because it was in the time of Consul Plaucus. There are days in June when everything is delightful in this best of all possible worlds; days "wherein shall no man work, but play." Do you think it is June that explains it? Is it because it is the month of roses? No, it is not June; it is youth.

Something of the old New-Year's Day still survives. Something of the hospitable wassail in certain houses; plenty of reminiscence and sparkling tradition. The holidays themselves, as a season, are happier than ever. Indeed, Christmas, as a universal feast, with its attendant New-Year, seems to have come in within the last half-century. What profusion of delights of every kind and everywhere! The city itself is dressed for a gala. Whether it be a heathen survival, with its yule and misletoe, or a Christian tradition, with its peace and good-will, everybody is resistlessly infected. Even Scrooge thaws a little. There are certainly chimes, and perhaps airy voices. We cannot speak the seasonable benediction, nor breathe the air which is full of its music, without receiving something of the benison—Merry Christmas and happy New-Year.

THE DINNER OF THE REFORM CLUB.

The dinner of the Reform Club in New York was an important political demonstration. The occasion was the celebration of the late triumph at the polls of the campaign of education, meaning the popular discussion of the tariff. The speakers were all Democrats, and tariff reform was presented as the great Democratic issue. The chief speaker was Mr. Cleveland, who, as President, in his message of 1886, began the debate, and gave his party a distinctive cause. The other speakers came from different parts of the country, and they treated different aspects of the general subject. The enthusiasm was unbounded, and it was plainly concentrated upon one person—Mr. Cleveland. Its object was unmistakable. It was to show to the country that the young, active, progressive force of the Democratic party in New York regards Grover Cleveland as the true and popular leader of his party, and the candidate whom it can elect in 1892.

There is no other Democrat in the country whose position in his party is so commanding, and who would be hailed by it everywhere with such significant acclamation Governor Hill is the unquestionable chief of the party machine in New York. He is, in our modern phrase, an adroit party "boss"; but he is not, in the old and intelligible phrase, a party leader. Mr. Cleveland is evidently, and unlike a great many Democrats, a sincere believer in the intelligence and governing ability of the people. But, unlike the traditional Democratic orator, he does not flatter a mob as distinctively the people. He has none of the familiar Democratic servility to ignorance and prejudice, but in a simple, manly way appeals to the good sense of the average American citizen, of whom he is an admirable illustration.

It is clear that, unless some extraordinary situation should intervene, the Democratic platform in 1892 will be tariff reform, of which Mr. Cleveland is beyond doubt the most conspicuous representative in his party, with a personal following very much larger and more ardent than he has ever had. It is hardly conceivable that the party should lay aside this issue, or refuse to nominate the one leader who stands for it. There is a striking fact in the present situation which is described by Mr. Burdett, one of the most sagacious Republican politicians in Massachusetts, as "the rush of young men into the Democratic party." It is due to the fact that the party is coming more and more to represent a great public policy which commends itself to young men, like the Republican policy of 1856 and '60, as simple and just There is still, indeed, a strong and bitter hostility within the Democratic party to every generous and progressive impulse, and the result cannot be certainly foretold. The least promising sign is the want of real party independence even among intelligent and "reform" Democrats.

THE FEAST OF THE "MAYFLOWER."

The annual New England dinners in New York and Brooklyn were eaten this year with the usual enthusiasm, and there are never wanting abundant eloquence, wit, and wisdom after the removal of the cloth. It was curious and suggestive at the Brooklyn feast that Mr. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, paid a glowing tribute to the Pilgrims and to the New England spirit, while at the New York dinner Mr. William Everett, principal of the Adams School at Quincy, at the end of an equally glowing and admirable tribute to classical education, celebrated, with an eloquence that kindled his audience, the essential national unity of the States.

This was homage to the supremacy of the influences which Mr. Ingalls, of Kansas, thinks have no place in politics. It is, in fact, just so far as the old New England principle and pluck still dominate our national life that its future is secure. Mr. Depew was of opinion that the twelve years of the Puritan in Holland really supplied him with his moral equipment and the best results of his American career. He had then, undoubtedly, as his descendant the Yankee has now, the gift of "getting the best" and making it his own. When Webster was going to make a great financial speech, he sucked all they knew out of his friends in State Street and Wall Street, and then issued it, but in pure gold of his own mintage. Webster took the wisdom of the bankers, and the Puritan that of the Dutch. They were enriched, but they remained Webster and Puritan still.

Mr. Everett spoke most worthily of the founder of the school of which he is the distinguished head, old John Adams. He set forth in fitting and incisive words the statesman of whom Stephen Hopkins said that he was the best to build up, as his cousin, Sam Adams, was the best to pull down, among all the public men he ever knew. It is pleasant to read the sinewy truth of one of the greatest of Americans as Mr. Everett told it. There was plenty more of delightful forefather speech, and we mention but a few words as illustrations.

AT THE OPERA.

A correspondent of the *Tribune* begs the editor to ask the conductors at the opera to tap stoutly on their stands when they begin, as a warning to late comers, and he exclaims once more at the loiterers and the "chatterers," metaphorically beseeching the powers that something may be done to secure respectful silence for hearing works of genius. It is true that if Gladstone were speaking at the Opera-house, the people in the house who chattered and snickered would be promptly and peremptorily hissed into silence; or if Mrs. Fanny Kemble were reading a play of Shakespeare's, the indecency of the familiar interruption in the boxes would be indignantly resented.

The offence is not less when it is not an orator nor a reader, but a singer who is upon the stage, and when the genius whose work is presented is not a poet, but a great composer. But there must be forbearance with the notoriously offending boxes. There is a dilemma. Either the chatterers and snickerers have no sympathy with works of genius or no knowledge of good manners. Either they think an opera-house is a circus or a music hall, or they have suddenly grown rich, and have only recently come up stairs. In either case they are to be pitied, although, of course, efforts must be made to teach them how to behave.

There are apparently those who suppose that it is impossible to be vulgar in a Worth gown, or that an opera box is evidence of good-breeding. Mr. Thomas was the true *arbiter elegantiarum* when he stopped his orchestra in the midst of a symphony of Beethoven, and looking at a party whose noisy tattle disturbed the audience, remarked quietly that he feared the music interfered with conversation. He was said by some inconsiderate critics to have insulted the tattling group. But the insult did not come from the stage, and Mr. Thomas merely protected his audience. If some other conductor would show the same quiet courage, giggling and chattering in the boxes would soon cease. But if good manners were required as the condition of occupying an opera box, said recently an indignant censor in the parquette, would all the boxes be taken?

IN THE SENATE.

The Republicans in the Senate have begun to defend the election bill, but Senator Stewart's speech against it is the most important incident of the debate thus far. Mr. Stewart reviewed the history of the subject, including the debate in the House upon the force bill of 1875, in which Mr. Hoar and Generals Garfield and Hawley and other eminent Republicans opposed the bill. Senator Hawley rested his opposition to the Lodge bill mainly upon the ground that in the present state of public opinion it could have no other result than the aggravation of the evils which it sought to remedy.

The law could not be executed without force, but the Senator said the whole history of such attempted legislation showed that fifteen years ago the country would not sustain such force, and, in his opinion, it would still less support it now. Senator Spooner, in his speech in favor of the bill, said that it was shocking to think that the fact that a community is unwilling to allow certain citizens to vote should be urged as a reason for not protecting their right to vote.

But Senator Spooner seemed not to understand the point of Senator Stewart's argument, which was that in the situation of the Southern districts force cannot prevail against public opinion to secure votes. In the presence of such opinion the colored voters will not attempt to vote, because they know that they will suffer in a hundred ways. But as Mr. Stewart says that this opinion is less hostile every day, why interpose an action which will exasperate the whole situation? Force undoubtedly stands behind all legislation, but when neither legislation nor force will produce any result but bitter feeling, it is a public wrong to persist. This is undoubtedly the view of several Republican Senators.

KILKENNY.

At the first trial at the polls in Ireland Parnell has lost. There are the usual explanations of the result. It was due to the priests; it was the most hostile of districts; there were lying and cheating, and, in any event, it is not very significant. The facts, however, remain. Parnell threw himself into the controversy with passionate ardor. He used every possible means of success that he could command, and he was beaten. Had he succeeded he would have claimed that Ireland was with him. As he failed, he says that Ireland is yet to express herself. He will continue the fight, and he will yield only when the will of the people is ascertained.

The effect of the situation on the Irish cause has been obvious from the beginning. Parnell throws the blame upon the leaders of the Irish party who threw him over. But suppose they had stood by him, what would be the condition of the cause to-day? Success is and has always been impossible without the English alliance. Mr. Gladstone, who better than any other man knows his party, said to Parnell that unless he resigned the alliance was at an end. If Parnell had acknowledged that fact and had withdrawn, the cause would have been all the stronger. His refusal ruptured the party, and the "hopelessness of the Irish" is to-day the dominant feeling in England.

Parnell has forced a choice between himself and Ireland. If the result at Kilkenny had been different, it would not have availed. If every district in Ireland should pronounce for Parnell, it would not renew the English alliance, and no English leader could ever trust Parnell again. The suggestion of compromise with him is idle. Those who are willing to make terms with Parnell could not reach any understanding with English statesmen. He has irretrievably injured for the present the Irish cause. He has done what Balfour could not do, and the work of Irish home-rule must be taken up again from the beginning.

PERSONAL.

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, whose authority as a nerve physician is indisputable, seems to controvert in his life his own theories upon "wear and tear." His literary work fills the intervals in his professional labors, and the zeal with which he pursues both avocations would seem enough to wreck the nerves of an ordinary man.

—The oldest soldier in Europe until recently was Victor Zambelli, an Austrian. He died a little while ago, after having been in service for eighty-two years.

—The Czar of Russia is an enthusiastic collector of old books.

—A new departure in woman's work has been made by the Misses Searle and Gorton, of Chicago, who have organized a publishing firm. Both ladies are young, and one has had some experience as a newspaper writer, while the other has done illustrating.

—Mrs. Tibbles, better known as "Bright Eyes," who has been sent among the Indians by a Western paper to investigate the causes of their discontent, affirms that incompetent interpreters are responsible for a great many of the wild and absurd statements credited to Indian orators. As she is herself an Indian, and an educated woman as well, she is peculiarly fitted for the work she has undertaken.

—The writer who has been dear to children's hearts for many years under the pseudonyme of A. L. O. E. (A Lady of England), and whose real name is Miss Tucker, is a busy worker among the zenanas of northern India. She is said to be a charming old lady, and to be devoted to her mission work.

—The greatest philanthropist in Europe is said to be Baron Hirsch. He has given $2,000,000 to the cause of education in Galicia, and has had his offer of $10,000,000 to the schools of Russia declined, because he coupled with it the condition that in its use no distinction of race or religion should be observed. His latest plan is to transport half a million Russian Jews to the River Platte. An attempt was recently made by the Prince of Wales to introduce the Baron to the Nobles' Club at Buda-Pesth, but the Hungarian aristocracy are said to have been deeply offended by the suggestion.

—F. T. Palgrave, of "Golden Treasury" fame, has just entered upon his second five years' term as Professor of Poetry at Oxford.

—Among the best patrons of the second-hand bookstores in London is Mr. Gladstone. He is fond of buying books concerning Shakespeare's life or works, and although he buys largely, is said to always insist upon a discount for the cash payments he usually makes.

—Miss E. O'Duffy, a young woman about twenty years old, is one of the largest importers of and dealers in wild animals in this country. She is the daughter of a Dublin druggist, and has a natural liking for the business. Miss O'Duffy is not the first of her sex to enter this calling, for some of the most successful dealers in birds and animals in Europe are women.

—The remains of Sir John Boehm, the eminent English sculptor, who died suddenly the other day, are, by the Queen's special command, to rest in the crypt of St. Paul's Church. In the last twenty years only eighteen burials have taken place there, while at Westminster Abbey in the last twenty-seven years they have averaged one a year. From 1600 to 1800 one thousand and thirty-nine interments took place at Westminster Abbey, and since then they have numbered only one hundred and thirty.

—Sitting Bull was one of a few Sioux Indians who could write in English, but autograph hunters had to pay a round sum for his signature.

—Among the many gifts which came to John G. Whittier on his recent birthday was a barrel of pitch-pine kindlings from the Whittier Colored School at Tuscaloosa, Alabama.

—Rose Terry Cooke was a cousin of the late General Alfred H. Terry, and the two grew up together as children at Hartford.

—The Empress Eugénie is said to have been a heavy investor in South-American securities, and to have lost largely by the recent depreciation in them.

—General B. F. Butler announces that he has retired from practice in the criminal courts.

—George William Warren, the well-known organist and composer, says that the writing of church music is largely a labor of love. He began composing over forty years ago, and has published over one hundred works, but the royalties he receives from them form a comparatively small part of his income. Dr. Warren was born in Albany, and his father tried to make a hardware dealer of him till the musical instinct in the lad asserted itself. Besides playing the organ in St. Thomas's Church in this city, and directing the music of the parish, Dr. Warren lectures at Columbia College, and has enough pupils to keep him busy the rest of the time.

ARLINGTON SUSPENSION-BRIDGE.

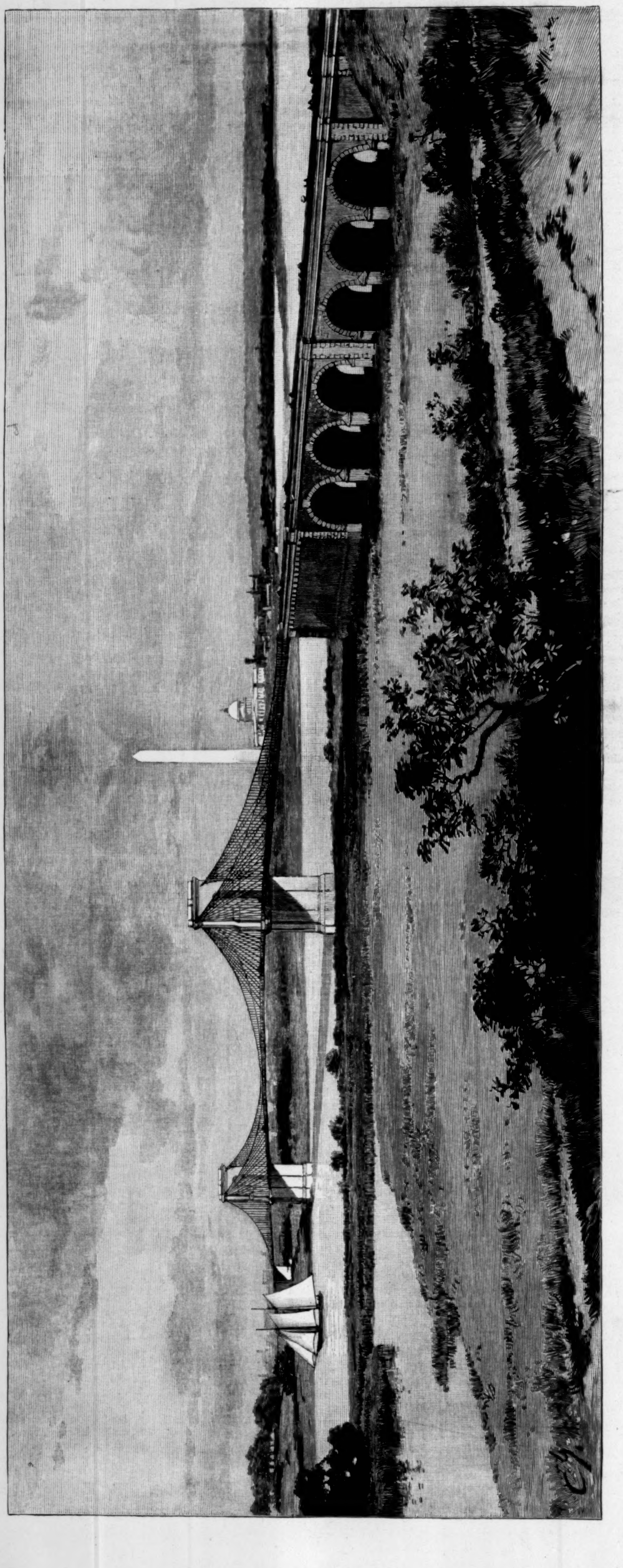
For a long time there has existed an urgent need that a bridge be built at Washington, D. C., to connect the public grounds on both sides of the Potomac River. The Potomac Flats and the connected public grounds west of and including the Capitol contain about 1120 acres of land. There are about 1056 acres across the river in the Arlington property. The two existing crossings, the Long Bridge and the Aqueduct Bridge, afford indirect and inconvenient means of passing from one tract to the other. As early as 1886 the sense of this need of a more direct passage across the Potomac found expression in a Senate resolution of May 24th of that year, calling on the Secretary of War for a report on the expediency of constructing a government bridge, with a suitable draw and approaches, at or near the foot of New York Avenue or New Hampshire Avenue. In response to that report plans of a drawbridge, prepared by Lieutenant-Colonel Peter C. Hains, of the United States Corps of Engineers, were submitted to the Senate. This design provided for a roadway 24 feet wide and two sidewalks of 8 feet each, giving a clearance of 24 feet from the surface of the water to the lowest member of the bridge. Such a bridge would not seriously obstruct navigation, and it would cost only about $600,000.

It was soon evident that a drawbridge, or a structure of any kind built for utility alone, was not a suitable erection for this locality. A drawbridge, moreover, is liable to get out of order, and the opening and shutting of the draw interfere with public travel. But the only other kind of bridge which would not in some degree obstruct navigation must be built with a clear height above the water of 150 feet, in order to admit the passage of large vessels without requiring them to lower their topmasts. Such a height for a bridge in the locality selected is out of the question, on account of the great cost of such a structure, and the steep grades that it would necessitate in the approaches. To meet the objections to a drawbridge, and at the same time bring the cost of one without a draw within reasonable limits require that the bridge be designed on the suspension principle.

The feeling that a suspension-bridge was the form of structure required was shown in a Senate resolution of February 20, 1890, directing the Secretary of War to examine and report to the Senate, with estimates, on the most suitable kind of bridge, with approaches, from a point at or near the foot of New York Avenue across the Potomac River to a point on the United States National Cemetery grounds at Arlington, so as to connect in the best manner the public grounds on both sides of the Potomac River. The bridge required under the terms of the resolution is one that will afford easy and safe passage for vehicles and pedestrians, and at the same time not materially obstruct navigation. The plans of a suspension-bridge submitted by Lieutenant-Colonel Hains in response to the second Senate resolution demonstrate that the line of New York Avenue extended, striking the river at the Naval Observatory grounds, about midway between the Long Bridge and the Aqueduct Bridge, or a location very near this one, is by far the most desirable position for the structure. It is the shortest route from any point along the shore line of the District to Arlington Cemetery, and it is believed by the distinguished military engineer who designed the plans that there are no engineering difficulties in the way of its location at this point. The approaches on each end will be on government land, so that the necessity of paying land damages will not occur to increase the cost of the structure or cause litigation.

In the designed suspension-bridge the clear height above the water at mid-channel is to be 105 feet; the river span to be 1100 feet, and the two shore spans 652 feet each. The approaches at each end will be on masonry, arched viaducts, and embankments of earth. Suspension cables of steel will pass over two granite towers, each about 210 feet high, pierced with arched openings for roadways, and be anchored into masses of masonry at the outer end of each approach. The grades on the central span will be 3 feet per 100; on the shore spans, 3.5 feet per 100; and on the approaches, 4 feet per 100. The extreme width of the bridge will be about 54 feet, with a roadway for vehicles 34 feet wide in the clear, and two sidewalks for pedestrians, 8 feet each in width. Lateral vibration is to be prevented by a system of ties extending out from the sides of the towers, and vertical vibration by means of the four trusses. The live load that such a bridge could sustain would be 70 pounds to the square foot. The clear height of 105 feet above water-level will allow the largest four-masted schooners to reach Georgetown by lowering their topmasts. It is at rare intervals that a vessel of this class appears in this harbor, and the great majority of vessels that sail these waters can pass under the bridge without inconvenience. The span of 1100 feet practically leaves the full width of the river unobstructed both to navigation and to the free flow of the waters of the Potomac.

The picture of the suspension-bridge as it will appear on completion is a perspective view made from drawings accompanying Lieutenant-Colonel Hains's report on the bridge. These drawings are designed to show the general character of such a structure, its outlines, general effects, and to enable an approximate computation to be made of the cost, which is estimated to be $3,591,000. By reducing the width of the bridge to 40 feet, making the roadway 24 feet wide instead of 34, a reduction of about $500,000 can be made in the estimated cost, and a further reduction of about $400,000 could be made by building the approaches on iron trusses resting on masonry piers. But these modifications would detract from the dignity of the structure, and would not harmonize with the architectural features of other parts of the work.



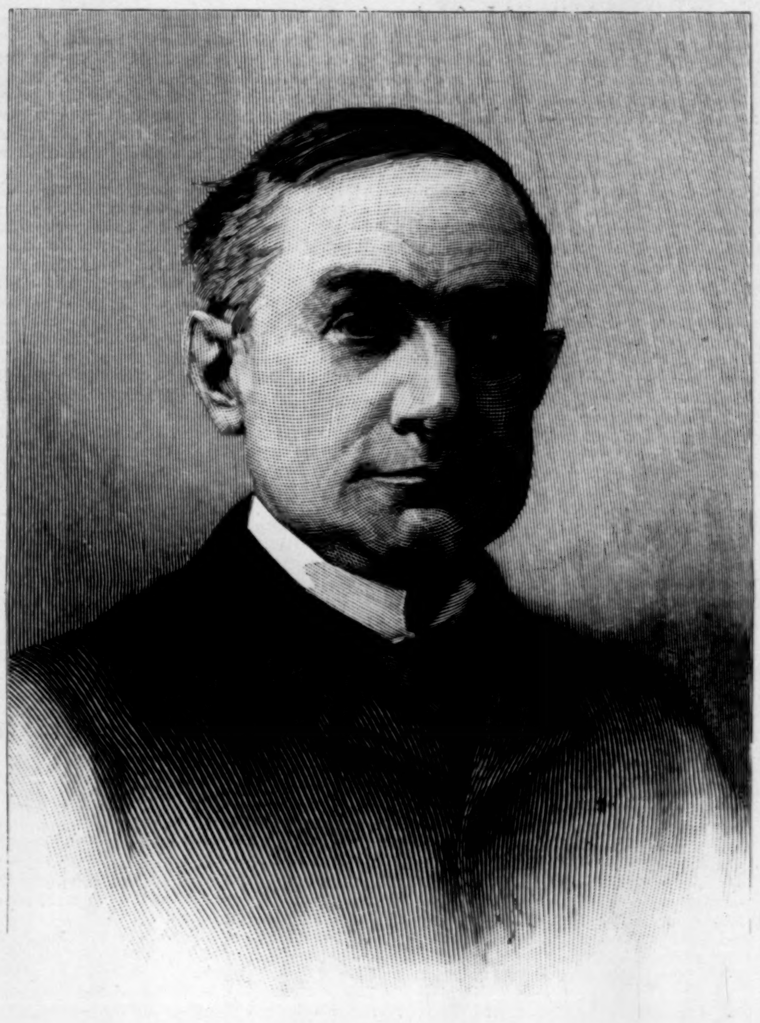
THE PROPOSED ARLINGTON BRIDGE ACROSS THE POTOMAC AT WASHINGTON, D. C.—Drawn by Charles Graham.

THE THREE SENATORS FROM IDAHO.

In accordance with the act of Congress, President Harrison approved the admission of Idaho into the Union on the 3d of last July, and the Territory became a full-fledged State. The State officers were elected on October 1st, and when the Legislature convened a few weeks later one of the first duties of that body was to elect United States Senators to represent their new State in Congress. For the first time in the history of the United States, according to competent authorities, three Senators were to be elected, one of whom was to serve until the end of the present Congress, his term expiring on March 4, 1891, the other two serving for four and six years respectively. The first two Senators elected were to fill the existing vacancies in the present Congress, and the third candidate was to have the six-year term beginning next March. With this understanding the Legislature of Idaho met in joint session, and on December 18th elected George L. Shoup, W. J. McConnell, and Fred T. Dubois as their representatives to the Senate of the United States. An agreement was entered into that day by the two first-named that Governor Shoup should have the shortest term, but later despatches state that the matter cannot be definitely settled until they take their seats in Washington, when they will be obliged to draw lots, as has been the custom in all previous instances when two new Senators have been seated for the first time from one of the recently admitted States. Mr. Dubois is elected for six years.

George Laird Shoup was born in Kittanning, Armstrong County, Pennsylvania, on June 15, 1836. Freeport and Slatelick, of the same State, were his early places of residence, and in 1852 he moved with his father to Illinois. He there lived in the vicinity of Galesburg, and for six years was engaged in stock-farming until the gold discoveries at Pike's Peak became known. Starting for the new El Dorado in the fall of 1858, he reached there in the spring of the following year. Mining and commercial interests occupied him until the breaking out of the war, and disposing of his property, he at once enlisted in the company of Independent Scouts of Colorado Volunteers, under command of Captain Backus. He received a Second Lieutenant's commission in the fall of the same year, and was engaged during the winter of 1861–2 in the Indian country, upon the Arkansas and Platte rivers. His company was transferred to Fort Union, New Mexico, in April, 1862, and he held the post of commanding officer of the artillery at that place for a short time, until relieved by a regular officer. After this he was engaged in scouting expeditions, and earned high praise from his superiors in command. He received the title of First Lieutenant in 1862, and later was promoted to the Colonelcy of the Third Colorado Cavalry, which rank he held at the close of the war. He was one of the early settlers in the Territory of Idaho, and opened a store of general merchandise in Salmon City, situated in Upper Salmon Valley. This was in 1866, and from that time he has been prominently identified with the advancement of Idaho and all her interests. He frequently declined the position of Territorial Delegate to Congress, but was prevailed upon by the people of his county to accept a seat in the Territorial House of Representatives at the tenth session of the Legislature, and also to serve in the Legislative Council of the twelfth session. Being one of the best known and most popular men in the Republican party of the Territory, he was urged as Governor upon the election of President Harrison, and was so appointed on March 28, 1889. He was also elected the first Governor of the State on October 1, 1890, beating his ticket by a large majority. He is regarded as one of the most able men in the State, and his election to the Senate is looked favorably upon by all citizens.

WILLIAM DUDLEY FOULKE, A.M., THE NEW PRESIDENT OF SWARTHMORE COLLEGE.—[See Page 7.]


HENRY B. BROWN, OF MICHIGAN, THE NEW ASSOCIATE JUSTICE OF THE SUPREME COURT OF THE UNITED STATES.—[See Page 7.]

William John McConnell, Governor Shoup's colleague in the present Congress, is fifty-one years of age, having been born in Oakland County, Michigan, in 1839. His education was received at Ann Arbor and Lansing, covering a common-school and academical course. During this time he taught school in order to accomplish his purpose. In 1860 he went to Nevada and California, driving a team across the plains, and went into mining. Three years later he moved to Idaho Territory, and took up gardening, returning to California in a short time. In 1871 he went to Oregon, and engaged in business at North Yamhill and The Dalles. During the great Senatorial fight when Senator Dolph was elected, Mr. McConnell was President of the Oregon State Senate. In 1879 he established a large mercantile business at Moscow, Idaho, still maintaining his residence in Oregon, but later on, when his desire was accomplished by the election of Senator John H. Mitchell, the previous opponent of Senator Dolph, Mr. McConnell moved to Moscow altogether, and built a residence there, in which he still lives. He was at one time Deputy United States Marshal of the Territory, and was a member of the recent Constitutional Convention, and one of the active workers in Washington when the Idaho delegation worked for admittance to the Union. Mr. McConnell represents the northern part of the State and its interests, and his claims in the State Legislature were very closely pushed by another candidate from the same district.

Fred T. Dubois, who will enter the United States Senate at the beginning of the next Congress for six years, was born in Crawford County, Illinois, May 29, 1851. His father, Jesse K. Dubois, was a well-known personage in the State, familiarly called "Uncle Jesse," and a warm friend of President Lincoln's. Fred T. Dubois was a younger son, and after a public-school education at Springfield, went to Yale College, from which he graduated in 1872. He then entered the house of J. B. Farwell & Co. as a clerk, and afterward was appointed to a position in the State Auditor's office. He quickly showed a remarkable ability for politics, and before long became Secretary of the Board of Railway and Warehouse Commissioners in Illinois. Being obliged to retire on account of ill health, he returned to his home until 1880, when he started for Blackfoot, Idaho. He at once started in by taking a herd of cattle to Cheyenne, and was afterward employed at the Fort Hall Agency until 1882, when he was appointed United States Marshall for the Territory. He became identified with the anti-Mormon party in southeastern Idaho, and his record in endeavoring to stamp out polgamy in that State is exceedingly creditable. His fearlessness in proceeding in the matters against the Mormons brought him into prominence, and he was elected Delegate to the Fiftieth Congress. He also served in the present Congress in the same capacity until the entrance of Idaho into the Union. Mr. Dubois is a man of great popularity, and was the almost unanimous choice of his party for the high office which he was chosen to fill. He is a young man, but has given evidence of broad and firm views, and has shown a capacity for managing which fits him as a leader. His election is well received by the whole State, and the people whom he represents are confident in his ability to perform good honest work in the United States Senate.

GOVERNOR GEORGE L. SHOUP. WILLIAM J. McCONNELL. FRED T. DUBOIS.

THE THREE SENATORS-ELECT FROM IDAHO.

HOSPITAL SATURDAY AND SUNDAY IN NEW YORK.

If there is one feature of our modern civilization which more than another distinguishes it over all former periods, it is the enlarged sympathy with which the wealthy and the cultured regard their poorer and less fortunate fellow men and women. It is undeniable that much of this is the direct effect of Christian culture and teaching, and though men doubtless acted the part of the good Samaritan before Jesus proclaimed his message of peace and good-will on earth, there are but few who would feel disposed to deny that nearly all that is elevating and pure and merciful in our world of to-day is the outcome of that event which was celebrated on Thursday all over the civilized world.

Though sporadic, unsystematized charity existed in all ages, the hospital at least may be regarded as an institution peculiarly Christian. Hence the appropriateness of having special efforts made at this season of the year in behalf of such institutions. To the sympathetic and kind; who remember how many of their suffering fellow-beings are annually relieved or cured in them; to the medical man, who knows how much his curative art is aided by the clinical experience gained within their walls; and to the general public, who receive either directly or indirectly the advantages which they bestow, hospitals cannot fail to be regarded with a feeling approaching to sacredness.

However open the municipal government of New York may be to adverse criticism, neither it nor the people of the city have been derelict in duty to the poor and the suffering. Probably no city in the world is better provided with hospitals, and certainly in no other city are they more amply equipped with all that is requisite for the treatment and care of the suffering, or more liberally supported by public grants and private benevolences.

The scheme of taking special collections for the hospitals on the last Sunday of the year was first begun by the Protestant Episcopal Church in 1874, and met with such a gratifying success that it was finally proposed to enlarge the sphere of operations by extending the work of collecting to other denominations. Pursuant to a resolution adopted at a general conference of prominent clergymen and laymen of the Protestant Episcopal Church held in December, 1878, a general conference was held at St. Luke's Hospital in January, 1879, which was attended by representatives of thirteen city hospitals, and by a considerable number of representative clergymen of various denominations, and other invited guests. At this meeting it was determined to establish a general Hospital Saturday and Sunday collection, and a committee was appointed with Mr. George Macculoch Miller as chairman. Thus constituted, the work was begun, and the first collection in 1879 amounted to over $26,000. At a meeting which was held in 1880, what was before but a committee was organized into an association designated as The Hospital Saturday and Sunday Association of New York City, a name by which it has been known ever since.

This association now embraces thirty hospitals; some of them general and others special in their character, and covering every branch of medical and surgical science. The general collection is divided among them on the basis of free treatment given during the preceding year to the suffering poor. The statement of income and expenditure made by the hospitals to the association to serve as a basis for distribution furnishes also a means of comparison of management, which has had the salutary effect of introducing better methods and wiser economies into the various hospitals.

During the past year the associated hospitals cared for upward of 14,000 bed patients, of whom 10,500 were free patients, and also operated upon or gave medical aid to 130,000 free dispensary patients. According to the last complete reports from the hospitals, the total expense for this work during the year amounted to $734,372 28. To meet this expenditure there was an income from invested funds of $129,287 40; from paying patients, $182,239 94; and from the city, $29,753 28—leaving the sum of $393,092 25 to be raised by the charitable public. One means toward securing this end is the Hospital Saturday and Sunday collections.

To still further enlarge the sphere of usefulness in connection with the work in behalf of the hospitals, last year the organic law of the association was so changed as to render women eligible for membership. At the urgent request of the Executive Committee of the association, Mrs. Richard Irvin accepted the charge of starting the movement for an auxiliary among the women of New York. In response to an invitation sent by Mrs. Irvin, fifty ladies, who were interested in charitable work, met at her residence last April. A constitution and by-laws were adopted, and the following elected as officers for the ensuing year: President, Mrs. Richard Irvin; Secretary, Mrs. Edmund L. Baylies; Treasurer, Mrs. John A. Lowery; and Executive Committee, Mrs. J. W. Minturn, Mrs. H. Munroe, Mrs. John W. Auchincloss, Miss Charlotte Winthrop, and the President. Statistics are not now available as to the financial success attending the efforts of the Woman's Auxiliary, but that it will be such as to materially augment the funds at the disposal of the association scarcely admits of a doubt. In a conversation held with the General Agent of the association, Mr. Frederick F. Cook, he told me that one of the ladies of the Auxiliary remarked that she would look upon a refusal from a gentleman to contribute as a personal affront. While the justice of such a conclusion could hardly be defended, still it is unquestionable that many women would look upon the matter as personal, and he who had the temerity to refuse would be regarded as not only uncharitable, but churlish as well.

The comprehensive character of the work of the association is shown at a glance in the highly appropriate and exquisitely designed illustrations by Mrs. Jessie Curtis Shepherd accompanying this sketch. The object aimed at in the Saturday and Sunday and other collections is displayed in the central group, representing a female nurse attending a patient in St. Luke's Hospital, this institution being singled out, not only as one of the most important, but also as that in whose behalf Hospital Sunday collections were first taken up in this city. In the subsidiary groups, Hospital Saturday and Sunday in Temple Emanuel and Grace Church respectively show how people of widely divergent religious beliefs can become united in behalf of a noble charity, while the collection box at the elevated railway station takes in the general public, and in a language mute though eloquent to the eye, urges the universality of the claim of the wretched and the suffering to the commiseration and assistance of those more fortunate than themselves.

As implied above, the Hospital Sunday collection is taken in the churches on the last Sunday of the year, and the Hospital Saturday collection in the synagogues on the preceding Saturday. Seventeen denominations contributed to the fund last year a total of $28,865 25, the Episcopalians leading the list with $18,646 09, and the Presbyterians coming next with $3544 45. It is, however, proper to state that the latter sum does not represent the collections of the Presbyterian churches in behalf of the hospitals, as their contributions for this purpose are divided between the association hospitals and others. The same is also doubtless true of other contributing denominations.

The result of last Saturday's and Sunday's collections can only be conjectured, as it will be some time before the returns are fully in. Notwithstanding the prevalent financial stringency, the members of the association expect the contributions to equal in amount those of the preceding year; but even were the sum smaller by a few thousands than that of the year before, the decrease would be more apparent than real, as special additional collections were taken in the Episcopal churches to meet the increased expenses incidental to the epidemic of influenza.

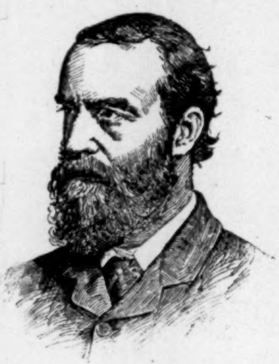
Collections in the trades and professions and upon the exchanges are made through the medium of auxiliary associations and committees, or by means of subscription lists sent to separate establishments, these lists numbering about 3000. As an inducement to employers and employés to secure their co-operation, the association offers free hospital treatment to any contributing employé or any one requiring such treatment who is, recommended by a contributing employer, until the entire amount contributed by any trade is exhausted at the rate of one dollar a day per patient. The total of contributions by the trades was last year $16,276 33, and the entire amount from other sources than the churches $28,125 41, which, added to the denominational contributions, make an aggregate of $57,090 66.

The Hospital Saturday and Sunday collection has been of incalculable benefit to thousands of suffering humanity, and has so largely increased the free hospital service of New York city that since the inception of the movement eleven years ago it has practically doubled. Still the service is far below what it ought to be to meet the city's needs, especially in caring for consumptives and incurable cases generally.

From its inception The Hospital Saturday and Sunday Association aimed at interesting the whole people in hospital work, and with such a degree of success that now Christian, Jew, and agnostic labor side by side to the common end of alleviating the sufferings of afflicted humanity. Of course the more obvious effect of this enlarged sphere of benevolent action has been an increase in the amount of the annual collections, which permitted a larger number of poor people being treated gratuitously, but the significance of the effect produced upon the donors and the general public through such a systematized charity should not be lost sight of.

However desirable it may be from the political economist's point of view that poverty should cease, the various methods recommended by such from Malthus down to Henry George, even if sufficiently practicable to be attempted, would not, it is quite certain, secure such a desideratum. "The poor shall never cease out of the land," and such an Utopian condition of human society as would throw the active exercise of charitable feelings into desuetude is not even contingent. But were it so, many of our highest types of men and women never would become developed into such a nobility of character, through lack of a stimulus to evoke their sympathies.

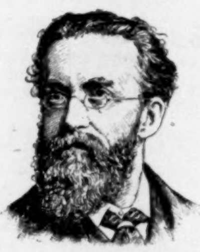
It requires no demonstration to prove to the kindly disposed that "it is more blessed to give than to receive." Did those who ask, "Am I my brother's keeper?" know the degree of pleasure to be derived from ministering to the necessities of their fellow-men, they would not defer for a moment the performance of actions which, while expanding their sympathies in a natural and healthful direction, would also result in a corresponding elevation of character. The value of the personal consciousness of a good work done should not be lightly estimated. This consciousness is the reward of those whose unselfish efforts contribute to the support of institutions for the care and treatment of suffering humanity. N. Macdonald.



CHARLES STEWART PARNELL.

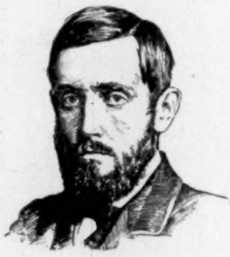
THE DIVIDED HOME-RULE PARTY.

At no time since the foundation of the Nationalist party upon its present basis by the late Mr. I. Butt in 1870 have the prospects of Irish home-rule appeared more hopeless than at the present moment. United, the Irish parliamentary party represented a force in British politics, a power which it was necessary for the government to take into consideration before attempting to carry through any legislation. Divided, as it now is, into two factions, professing toward one another a hatred of such intense bitterness that it casts into the shade all their national animosity toward the English oppressor, the Irish parliamentary party loses the weight and the important influence, both direct and indirect, which, until a few weeks ago, it was able to exercise in all matters connected with imperial legislation and administration. Disintegrated, it can no longer enter into the lists as a power for the sake of whose friendship it is worth making any sacrifice, and the Liberals have given unmistakable evidence of their intentions to remove the home-rule doctrine from the prominent place which it occupied in their programme, and of relegating it to a very back seat, if, indeed, they do not abandon it altogether. They have announced their determination to henceforth give preference to matters of English and imperial interest, instead of permitting Irish affairs to monopolize their time, as has been the case during the past four years, and all efforts in the direction of home-rule will be suspended until the Nationalist party can once more present a united front, and become again a factor of weight in British politics.



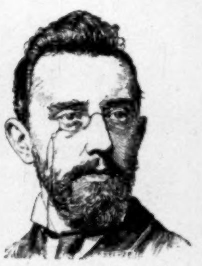
JUSTIN McCARTHY.

As long as the Nationalist leader was able to dispose, in an absolute manner, of the eighty-three votes of his followers, he possessed something very much akin to the balance of power in Parliament. In moments of critical struggle between the Conservative and Liberal parties the Irish votes have frequently been found worthy of purchase by some concession tending toward Irish autonomy, and by disposing of their votes in this manner, now to the Tory and now again to the Whigs, but always to the highest bidder, the Nationalists could win home-rule, if not all at once, at any rate bit by bit. It was this that Mr. Parnell had in view when he entreated his followers not to permit any consideration of public opinion in England to affect their attitude toward him, or to let it create a division in their ranks. He set plainly before them the fact that the English will never grant home-rule to Ireland as a matter of equity and justice, but only as one of party policy. And he offered to resign his seat at Westminster and to retire into private life if the Liberal party would regard his withdrawal as the price of a pledge on their part to transfer the control of the Irish constabulary from the Imperial authority to that of the first autonomous government established at Dublin on a home-rule basis. Mr. Gladstone, however, refused to give way on this most vital point, and Mr. Parnell thereupon declared that under the circumstances he would stick to his post, notwithstanding the demands of the British Liberals for his resignation on the grounds of personal immorality. He added, moreover, that if Mr. Gladstone and his friends refused any further dealings with the Irish party as long as he remained at its head, he would terminate the alliance which has existed for the past four years between the English Liberals and the Irish home-rulers, and permit the latter to recover their freedom and independence of action.

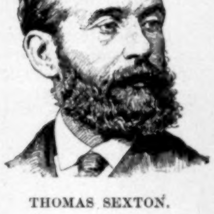


JOHN DILLON.

Turning a deaf ear to the appeals of Mr. Parnell, about half the Irish parliamentary party decided to sacrifice their leader rather than to forego any benefits which might ultimately be secured by a continuation of their alliance with Mr. Gladstone's friends. They accordingly severed their connection with him, and elected Mr. Justin McCarthy as their chief in his stead. The remainder of the Nationalist party determined to continue their adhesion to Mr. Parnell. Irish blood is proverbially warm, and the split soon developed into open war, which is now being carried on with a bitterness and animosity that affords a grim satisfaction to all those English Tories who have all along asserted that the Irish were unfitted for self-government, and that home-rule would result in the devastation of the Emerald Isle by civil war. The struggle between the rival factions of the former Parnellite party reached its culminating point at Kilkenny on Monday, December 22d, when each section put forward a rival candidate to fill the vacancy left by the death of Mr. Chance. Owing largely to the influence of the Catholic clergy, the candidate of the anti-Parnellite party, Sir John Pope Hennessy, was elected by a majority of more than a thousand. Sir John, who formerly sat in Parliament as a Conservative, has spent the major portion of his life as Governor of one or another of the Queen's colonies, where he acquired the reputation of being the most wrong-headed and quarrelsome man in the service of the crown. Under the circumstances, it is peculiarly appropriate that he should represent at Westminster a constituency that enjoys the peculiar reputation of Kilkenny.

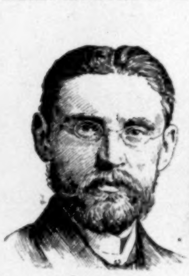


T. M. HEALY.

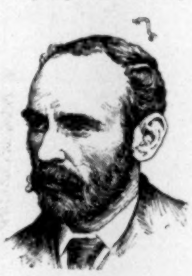


THOMAS SEXTON.

Neither Mr. Parnell nor his followers appear dismayed by their defeat, and express full confidence of ultimately driving the separatist members of their party out of every constituency in Ireland. These hopes will certainly not be fulfilled without considerable difficulty, for it is impossible to close one's eyes to the fact that the dissidents ar-

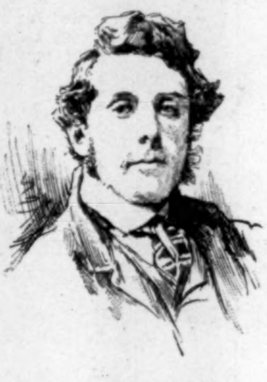


WILLIAM O'BRIEN.



MICHAEL DAVITT.

rayed under the chieftainship of Mr. Justin McCarthy comprise the members of the Nationalist party who are most noted for their brilliancy and individuality. Foremost among them is unquestionably John Dillon, who is now in this city with his colleague, Mr. T. P. O'Connor, awaiting the result of Mr. W. O'Brien's interview with Mr. Justin McCarthy at Paris before attempting to continue their American stumping tour. Mr. Dillon, who commenced his career as a village doctor, entered Parliament in 1880, and after assisting Mr. Parnell and Mr. Davitt to found the Land League, became the author of the Plan of Campaign. Next in importance as a parliamentary tactician is Mr. T. M. Healy, whose confidential relations with Mr. Parnell, while acting as the private secretary of that gentleman, renders his present attitude toward his former employer peculiarly irritating. It is said that only three men understood the Irish land bill of 1881—Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Law, and Mr. Healy—and the famous Healy clause, introduced by his efforts, has proved the most effective portion of the act. His eloquence is marked by an abundance of invective and much bitterness of expression. The orator, however, of the party is Mr. Thomas Sexton, who can claim one of the first three places for eloquence in the House of Commons. Like Justin McCarthy, J. O'Kelly, William O'Brien, Timothy Harrington, T. P. O'Connor, and ex-Lord Mayor Sullivan, he is a journalist. Most bitter and dangerous of all Mr. Parnell's opponents is Michael Davitt, the ex-weaver, ex-Fenian, and ex-convict. No one can read the story of his life without a feeling of horror of his treatment in the Dartmoor and Portland convict prisons, and as one who has bravely suffered a hard lot on behalf of Ireland, the powerful and eloquent voice must always deserve the attention and consideration of all true Irishmen.



SIR JOHN POPE HENNESSY.

THE DRIVE IN A CURRICLE.

WHEN you get down to the true definition of a curricle, you will find that our great-grandfathers meant a vehicle on one pair of wheels, and drawn by a pair of horses. In the Warren Hastings epoch, when the pagoda-tree had not gold mohurs but diamonds on its branches asking to be pulled, an Indian millionaire once gave a grand entertainment at his country house near London. Just when the guests were given their *congé*, there came up a smart shower, and a curricle was ordered from the stables. Of course one vehicle for such an elegant assembly—the ladies in silk, brocades, and satins, the gentlemen in finest attire—would not have sufficed. But the nabob, standing at the entrance of his mansion, simply waved his hand, and said, "More curricles." Whether, answering his behest, some hundreds of curricles, each with its pair of horses, did actually drive up to his front door, has not been positively asserted. It is sufficient to state, however, that a certain idea of personal grandeur must be attached to a curricle, just as, later on, mundane respectability has been associated by Carlyle with gigs.

Curricles flourished in England during the last third of the eighteenth century and the first twenty years of this, and Longacre carriage builders supplied well-to-do people in the colonies and the United States with these vehicles. In time the curricle lost one of its horses, but never exactly its gentility. Certain modifications in build, derived from Canadian sources later on, modified the curricle so that it did not differ materially from the French one-horse cabriolet.

Mr. de Thulstrup, who never commits an anachronism, shows a solidly built curricle, with a heavy axle, massive wheels, and bow springs. As to springs, we may have been more inventive to-day, but those old-fashioned bow springs were not only everlasting, but, defying concussions and joltings, gave great comfort to our great-grandmothers. Notwithstanding the rougher roads of a century ago, when a vehicle was purchased from a reputable coach builder, the supposition was entertained that it would last a lifetime, and so curricles had an extended old age.

The artist has made a picture of a gentleman and lady who are taking a drive in a curricle about a hundred years ago. The little tag of frill, just visible pendent from the driver's sleeve, marks the date, as do the big metal buttons on his cuffs, the cape of his box-coat, and the pointed hat with the buckle in it. When you study costume, you will find many curious things. For instance, little decorative marks, nonsenses distinctive of the masters at one time, have with years descended to the servitors; and so, in livery, the coachmen and footmen of to-day wear buckles on their hats and metal buttons in their cuffs.

It is a fairly cold day. The road is hard, not muddy, and the pond has a thin coating of ice over it, and so the lady is warmly wrapped up, and her bonnet, with the voluminous sides to it, keeps off the wind. Sometimes the artistic sense is inclined to regret the absence of the women's big hats of the past, *à la Gainsborough*, because they behaved best as a fitting frame for a handsome head. Has not the driver chosen his opportunity to ask a certain question, vowing (gentlemen in those days never swore of their affection to ladies) that on her answer all his future hopes depended? Men ever were full of guile, and so he has been wise, in selecting a fairly smooth bit of road, for how could his "charmer" (charmer was the proper word) listen or reply to him if she were jolted? Just think how then as now some trifling accident, a mere nothing, has turned aside forever the course of true love.

The lady has her eyes half closed, but her lips are partly open. She is very wide-awake in one sense, and rather stunned in another, and yet the talk had been intimate, personal, ever since she had taken her place in the curricle by his side. There had just passed a curricle, and another might come, with more interruptions, and so with the gentleman it was now or never.

It all happened in the year after the Revolution, and in the week betwixt Christmas and New-Year's, and the whole scene has been repeated many a time since then, notwithstanding the fact that the last atom of the curricle has vanished long ago.

This was the ending of it all. The drive had commenced at that well-to-do neighborhood near the Bowling Green, where people who kept curricles lived then, and had been extended to a great distance, quite out of town, in fact, to a mansion situated as far as is Forty-second Street in the New York of today. And now the lights in the house where the entertainment was to be held were visible, as it was dusk before their journey was over, for the roads were not laid out in straight lines in those primitive times, and then, as he had so much to say, he was in no hurry. As he held out his hand for her to alight, there was more than a matter-of-fact pressure imparted by the young woman's taper fingers; and so that very evening, when they danced together, the guests smiled pleasantly, and it was whispered how a marriage had been brought about by a drive in a curricle.

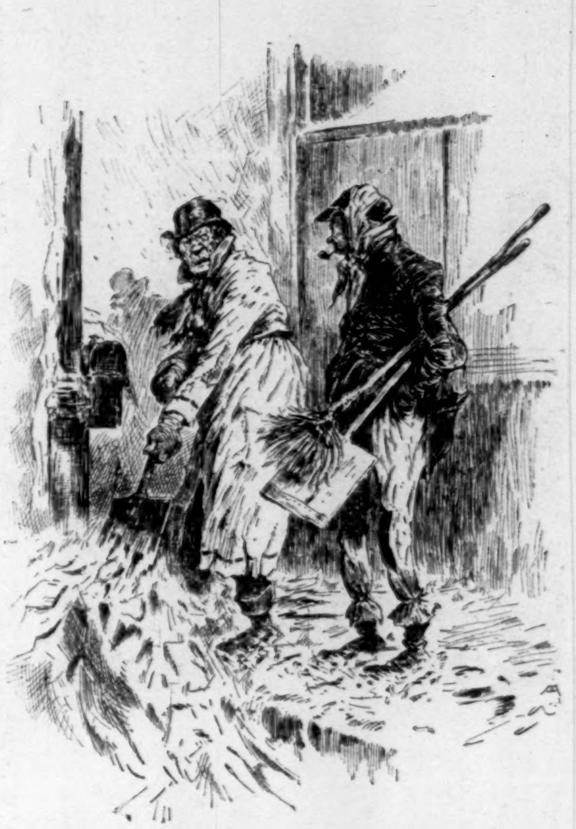
THE NEW PRESIDENT OF SWARTHMORE.

HON. WILLIAM DUDLEY FOULKE, A.M., who on December 1st was elected President of Swarthmore College by the Board of Managers, was born in the city of New York, November 20, 1848. After preparation at Friends' Seminary, he entered Columbia College in 1865, graduating in the class of '69, one year before his friend Seth Low, LL.D., now President of the College. He was a member of the Delta Phi fraternity, President of the Philoexian Society, orator on Class Day, and Greek salutatorian at the Commencement. After leaving college, he entered the Columbia Law School, and was admitted to the bar before graduation. He finished the course, however, and immediately took up the practice of law in New York city, where he remained until 1876, when he removed to Richmond, Indiana. He continued in the practice of his profession in that city until about three years ago, being one of the solicitors of the Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, and St. Louis Railroad Company, and a member of the State Senate. It was while holding a seat in this body that he first became interested in the cause of civil service reform, in which he has since taken a prominent part. He introduced a civil service law, and soon after became the organizer and first President of the Indiana Civil Service Reform Association. In 1889 he was chosen chairman of the special committee of the National Civil Service Reform League appointed to investigate the condition of the Federal civil service and the operation of the reform law. The other members of the committee are such well-known men as Charles J. Bonaparte, Richard H. Dana, Wayne MacVeagh, and Sherman S. Rogers. The committee, with headquarters in Washington, is now investigating the Census Bureau and the classified service in the various departments.

Mr. Foulke, besides thus being a man of affairs, is a man of letters. He is the author of a work on the growth and tendencies of Russian civilization, entitled *Slav or Saxon?* and is now writing a biography of the late Senator Oliver P. Morton, the war Governor of Indiana. He will bring to the presidency of Swarthmore the broad knowledge and experience of a man who has been actively engaged in the business of the world for years, besides the learning and cultivation of a devoted scholar. He is favorable to athletic sports in colleges, is interested in all the doings of the students, and his administration is likely to be active and progressive.

William Hyde Appleton, A.M., Ph.D., who has been acting president for a year, will, upon the inauguration of President-elect Foulke in March next, resume his Professorship of the Greek Language and Literature, which he has held for eighteen years. His short administration has been marked by a success which is an honor to himself and to the college.

A. M. PALMER.



EXTRA PAY.

"Phat do you be gittin' for de job, Chimmy?"
"Wan dollar an' th' noomonia."

JUSTICE MILLER'S SUCCESSOR.

PRESIDENT HARRISON has treated the country to a surprise in appointing Judge Brown to the place on the Supreme Bench made vacant by Justice Miller's death. It had been considered almost certain by Washington correspondents, and other persons who ought to be well informed, that Attorney-General Miller would receive the appointment. Judge Brown's name had been under consideration by the President once before, upon the death of Justice Matthews, and his rejection at that time was too hastily interpreted to mean that his chances of elevation to the Supreme Bench under the present administration were not worth considering.

Henry Billings Brown was born in Lee, Massachusetts, March 2, 1836. He entered the class of '56 at Yale, and was graduated when only twenty years old. He afterward studied law, and moved to Detroit, where he became so prominent a member of the bar that he was appointed District Attorney. In 1868 he was made Circuit Judge of Wayne County, and held that position for about seven years. In 1875 President Grant appointed him District Judge of the Circuit Court of the United States for the Eastern District of the Sixth Circuit—a position he has held ever since.

Owing to its geographical situation, an unusually large part of the cases brought before the District Court at Detroit are admiralty cases, and in this branch of the United States law Judge Brown is recognized as the very highest authority. It was of his decisions in admiralty cases that one of the ablest Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States, with the full concurrence of his colleagues, once remarked, "They need no revision in this court of the proper application of the provisions of law." Besides his learning and acumen in this very delicate and difficult branch of the law, Judge Brown is recognized as possessing a comprehensive mind and a clear judicial spirit that fit him for the consideration of all classes of cases likely to come before the court.

It is possible that Judge Brown might have reached the Supreme Bench before if there had not been another candidate from his own State at the time of Justice Matthews's death. This gentleman, Mr. Alfred Russell, is said to have been urged at that time by Senator McMillan and other influential men. The appointment of Justice Brewer relieved the President of his difficulty in choosing between the two Detroit candidates at that time. Judge Brown is a warm friend of Judge Jackson, his late Superior Circuit Judge, and also of Justice Blatchford, and is well known by the Supreme Court, and by members of the bar generally who practise before it, on account of his frequent appearances in Washington as counsel in admiralty cases.

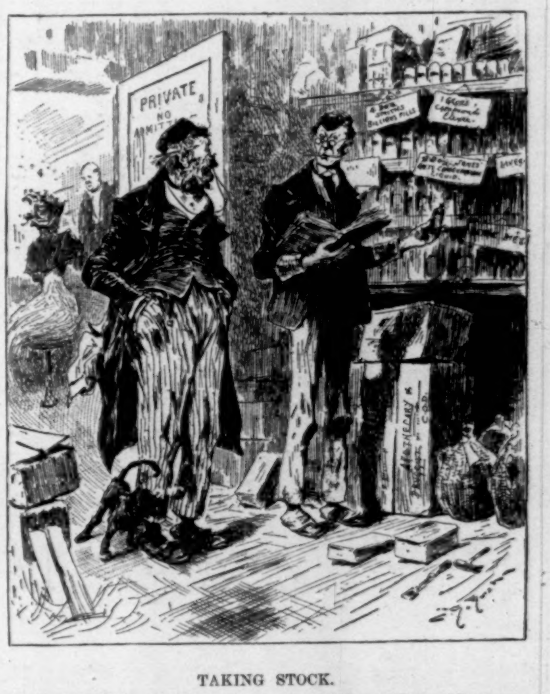
In stature the new Justice is rather below the middle size. He is stoutly built and of strong constitution; as appears from his portrait, he is smooth-shaven, and is often thought to bear some resemblance to Mr. McKinley.

Some years since Judge Brown married Mrs. Pitts, the widow of a wealthy Detroit merchant. She is a society leader at home, and is likely to be in Washington. Their home is one of the finest residences in the city, at the upper end of Jefferson Avenue. There they have entertained elegantly, and both are very popular at their home.

TO A DÉBUTANTE.

BY ALICE WELLINGTON ROLLINS.

BRING for her all the loveliest things that grow;
Flowers, touched like her with youth's first splendid kiss,
Blossoming in a world with naught amiss,
Shielded by sheltering care from Christmas snow.
Yet as the gathered, glittering tributes show
The bliss that is, crowned with all hoped-for bliss;
I, who am old, and yet not sad, bring this—
A star even through the sunny hour to glow:
Sweet are these days, and sweeter yet may be
The coming days thy listening heart now hears;
Yet if Experience and Fate decree
With all their brightness a few burning tears,
I, who am old, and yet not sad, bid thee
Fear not, dear child, to trust the advancing years.

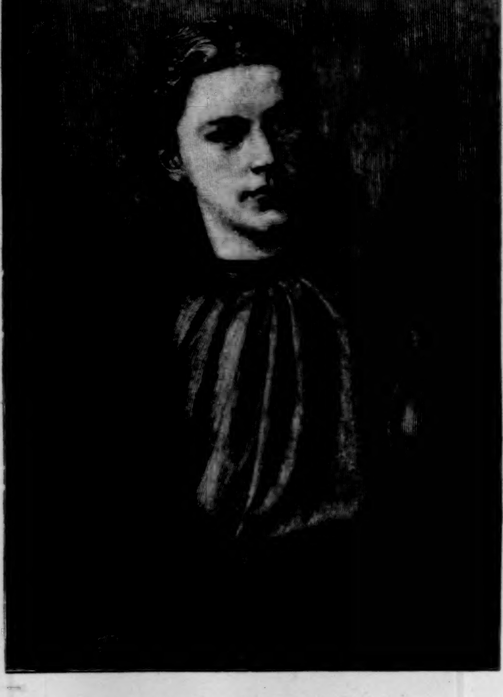


TAKING STOCK.

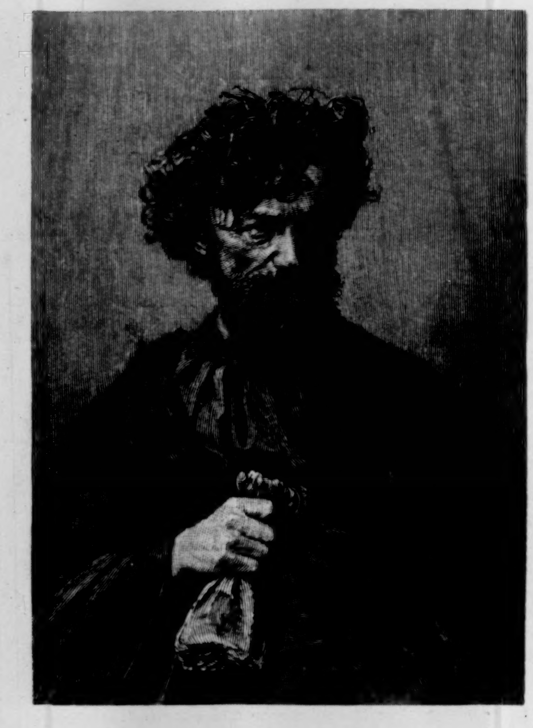
CLERK. "We don't seem able to do anything with our 'Consumption Cure,' sir; it don't sell, even at the reduced price of ninety-nine cents a bottle."

PROPRIETOR. "H'm! well—just keep it in stock, and in a few weeks we'll work it off as imported lymph—at the same price."

OBERAMMERGAU.—(*Continued from front page.*)



JOHANNES (PETER RENDL).



JUDAS (JOHANN ZWINK).

Old things have passed away, all things are new,
But to the fathers' pledge the sons are true.
No chance of war, nor tidal wave of change
Has ploughed its furrows past this mountain range.
While perjured monarchs from their seats were hurled,
And trusts betrayed with blood have drenched the world,
On these poor peasants, all untaught, unskilled,
Fell the rich blessing of a vow fulfilled,
Till, on the mountain-top, the handful sown
Of precious grain, to such fair height has grown
That while, from far, the wondering world looks on,
Its golden fruitage shakes like Lebanon.

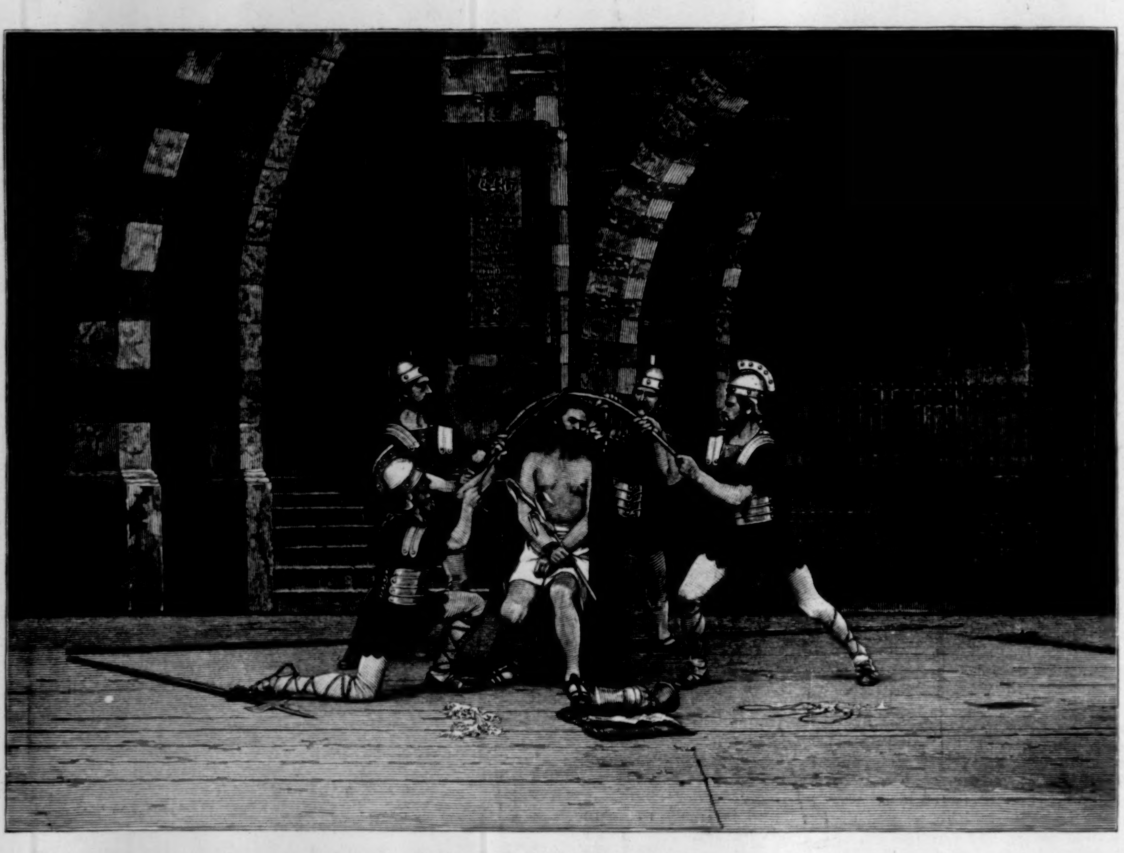
We sat in silence, twice two thousand souls,
Our thoughts together fused like molten coals;
Round the vast theatre, through its open space,
The summer sunlight fell and filled the place;
In the blue sky, fit background for each scene,
Rose the encircling hills with pastures green;
A Sabbath stillness wrapt us all about,
And overhead the birds flew in and out.
A sudden stir—then, with clear note and strong,
The bright-robed Chorus, bursting into song,
Broke the deep silence with the measured strain
Which keeps throughout the play its long refrain,
To herald each new action and rehearse
The Scripture story, wrought in stately verse,
While groups symbolic place before the view
Those ancient types, the figures of the True,
Which deep within their mystic lines enfold
All the New Covenant, blent with all the Old.
In these rare groupings, posed with wondrous art,
From every home the peasants take their part,
For each and all, strong man or tender child,
An act of worship, pure and undefiled.
Chorus and symbols both, twin streamlets, glide,
By the main Drama's full majestic tide.

The curtain rises: a tumultuous throng
Fill the vast stage; with shouting and with song,
And wealth of waving palms, they bring with them
The Son of David to Jerusalem.
He comes—as written in the prophet's roll—
Meek, lowly, riding on an ass's foal.
Alighting, now, he stands before our view.
How strange the semblance and how strangely true;
The player is a peasant—such was He,
Working in wood—His trade was carpentry;
The noble figure, wrapped in simplest robe,
Might fit a monarch born to rule the globe;
Beneath the parted locks, the oval face
Seems a true type of Judah's lofty race;
That face serenely sad, severely grave,
With pity tender, with high purpose brave.
A human Christ, the Son of Man is He;
Jesus of Nazareth, in Galilee;
True son of Mary, yet by sin untainted,
The Man of Sorrows and with grief acquainted;
John's Lamb of God, unblemished, without spot,
Who sought His own and they received Him not;
Judah's fierce Lion, as, with knotted cord,
He clears the Temple of its sordid horde,
O'erturns the tables in His righteous wrath,
Drives the scared usurers from His royal path
And spurns the caitiff band, whose knavish trade
His Father's house a den of thieves has made.
Leader and Lord, true heir of Israel's throne,
Will He not make this kingly hour His own,
While loud hosannahs, in the market-place,
Proclaim Him head of David's royal race!

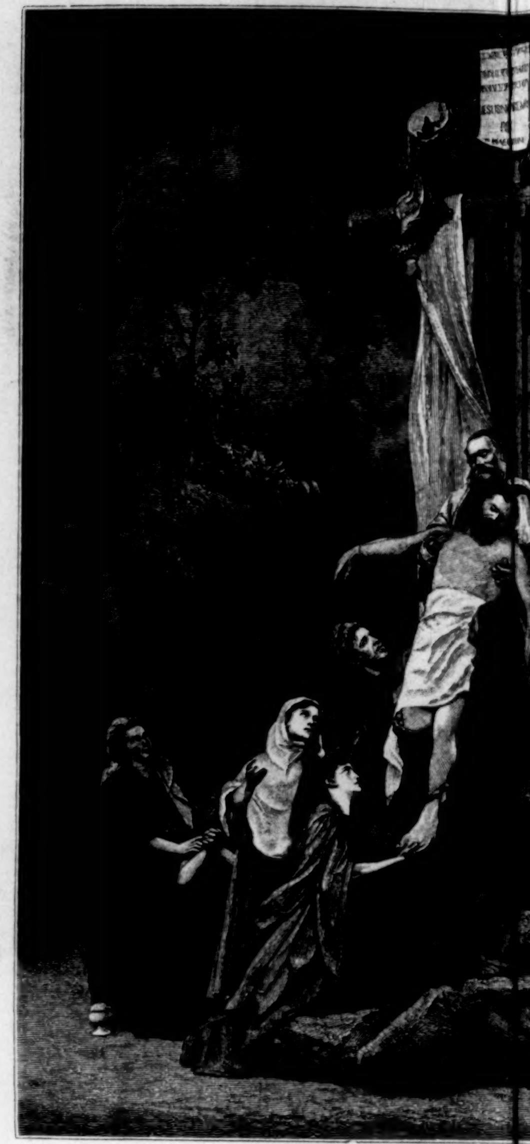
Alas! His hour has come, but not the hour
Of Judah's throne regained, or earthly power;
Scarce cease the plaudits when the baffled crowd
Of Temple traders, with their curses loud,
Smarting with shame and wild with rage and fears,
Besiege the Sanhedrim. On willing ears
Their cry for vengeance falls; the plot is laid
To seize the Nazarene, with Judas' aid;
The kindled flames by priestly craft are fed,
Jesus is doomed—a price is on His head.

The greed of gold, corroding all the heart,
Is shown with vivid strokes in Judas' part.
He bears the bag, at best a slender hoard,
And sits a welcome guest at Simon's board;
There Mary kneels, intent on service meet,
And pours the spikenard on the Master's feet.
Then, through the perfumed air, with sudden haste,
The traitor sneers and chides the needless waste:
"This ointment sold, three hundred pence had
  brought
To feed the poor—what folly she hath wrought."
In calm rebuke the Master's voice is heard:
"Let her alone," is His reproving word;
"Against my burial this good work shall be;
The poor ye always have—not always Me."

For death anointed thus, He fearless goes,
To face once more His unrelenting foes;
He turns from Bethany, calm resting-place,
And toward Jerusalem sets His steadfast face.
There have the prophets perished, there must He,
Last of the prophets, die on Calvary.



THE CROWNING WITH THORNS.



THE DESCENT

T ROM THE CROSS.

But as He passes on the village street,
Mother and Son for one brief moment meet.
No scene more tender: while her pierced heart
  bleeds,
With sharp foreboding, earnestly she pleads
To share His coming doom, His opening grave,
If from His foes Himself He will not save.
Gently He calms her—must He not fulfil
To the last bitter end the Father's will?
And while, through tears, we gaze, with stifled
  breath,
He parts from Mary on His way to death.

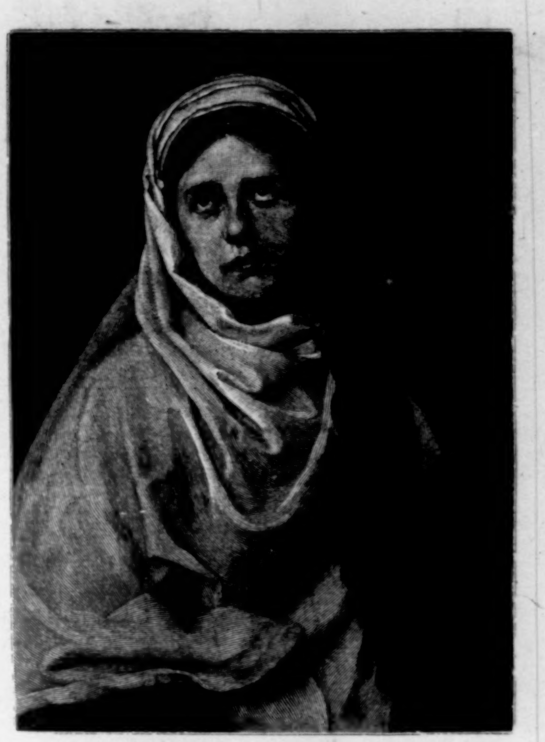
The scene has shifted: in the twilight gloom
The Twelve are with Him in the upper room;
This the Real Presence, when the bread He breaks,
The wine-cup blesses and of both partakes;
Then from His heart what wealth of love is poured
On all the chosen round that Paschal board;
While seated nearest, loved beyond the rest,
John leans his head upon his Master's breast
The supper ended, silently He moves,
With tenderest ministry, to those He loves,
And meekly stoops, O sacrifice complete!
With girded towel, at the traitor's feet.

The plot moves swiftly; from the Master's touch
The false disciple flies, and with foul clutch
The thirty pieces grasps—the price of blood;
Then, headlong swept upon the surging flood
Of furious rage, at once, with stealthy tread,
To Olive's shade the Roman band is led;
His whispered signal to the soldiers this:
"He whom ye seek is He whom I shall kiss."
There, while each weary, sad disciple sleeps,
His midnight watch, alone, the Master keeps—
An hour of agony. At last He cries:
"He that betrays Me is at hand. Arise!"
And as He speaks, that holiest shrine of prayer
Bristles with Roman spears, and Judas there
Glides through the garden, and with serpent hiss,
"Hail, Master!" calls—betrays Him with a kiss!

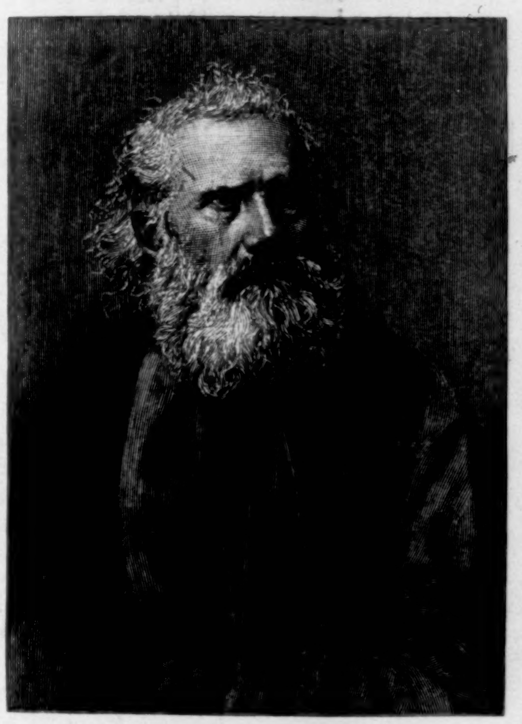
The end draws near. In haste the rulers meet;
Their hunted victim now is at their feet.
They speed the trial; set in foul array
The perjured hirelings; swear His life away,
And meet His claims divine with taunting cry—
"What need of proof? Ye hear His blasphemy!"
Soon the swift sentence falls: His doom must be
A felon's death, which Pilate shall decree.
"Not death! Not death!" then Judas wildly cries;
"Condemn Him not to die. To sacrifice
The Master's precious life I never meant.
What have I done? Betrayed the Innocent!"
"See thou to that," unmoved, the priests exclaim;
And Judas, stung by guilt, convulsed with shame,
Flings back the shekels, and with frenzied stride
Rushes to death—an outcast suicide.

At Pilate's bar the Roman's proud disdain
Fades into fears he strives to hide in vain.
In this strange prisoner, friendless and alone,
He finds a nature nobler than his own;
No Galilean cast in common mould,
Kingly as Cæsar, patient, calm, and bold;
He seeks no earthly crown; His nobler aim
To witness to the truth. For this He came.
And "What is truth?" the startled Pagan cries,
While Truth Incarnate stands before his eyes.
No fault in Him he finds, but it may be
That Herod, lately come from Galilee,
Can best adjudge, and so the soldiers bring
The guiltless prisoner to that guilty king.
Here He stands silent. Herod vainly seeks
Some word or sign, but not a word He speaks;
The men of war, like raging beasts of prey,
Torment the victim whom they dare not slay;
As long foretold in prophecy and psalm,
They mock and jeer and smite with open palm,
While He, as sheep before the shearers dumb,
Waits in meek silence till the end shall come.
How strange a contrast on the stage is shown:
The cunning tetrarch on his vassal throne,
Herod, the "fox," as Jesus named him well,
Who slew the Baptist in his prison cell,
Loud with coarse sneers, half jester and half brute;
The Christ, immaculate, sublimely mute.

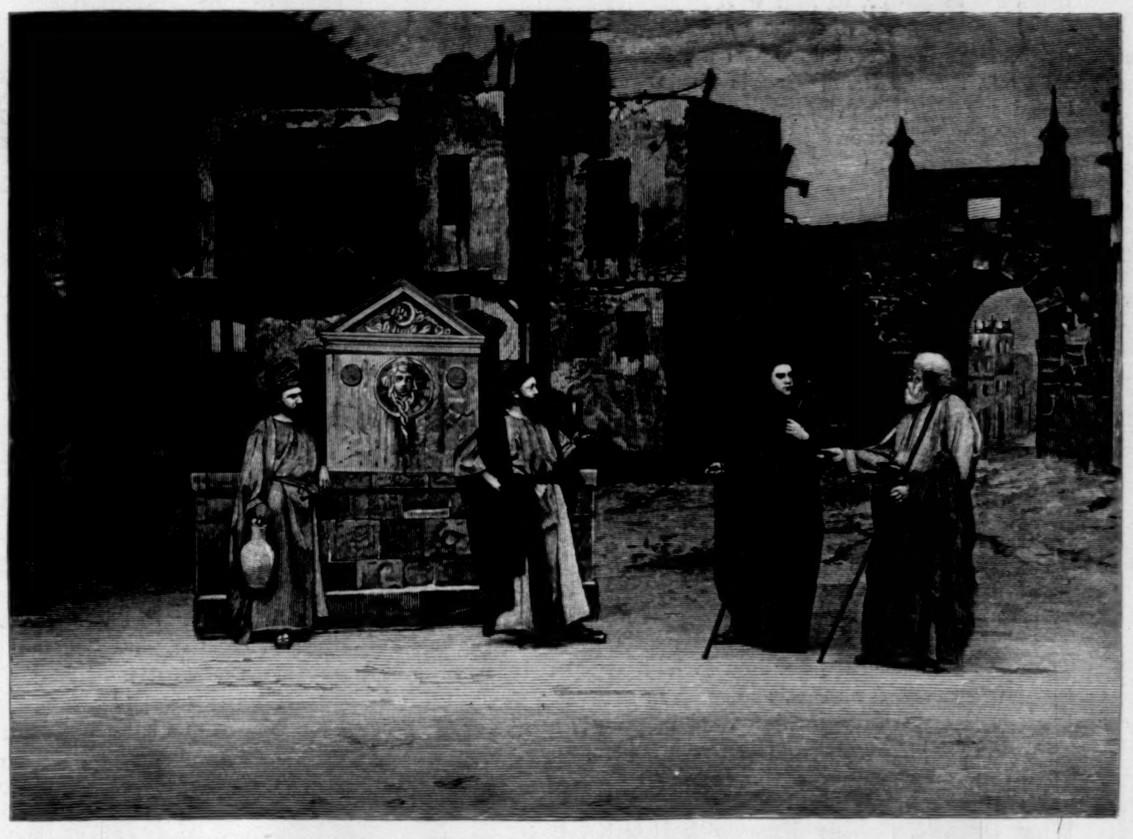
No judgment Herod gives; with crafty skill,
He bows obsequious to Pilate's will;
And now, once more, the weary prisoner stands
Before his judgment-seat, and in his hands
Trembles His fate. Feebly the Roman strives
To save this life, worth all Judean lives,
But now the priests have roused the people's rage,
And once again a concourse fills the stage
And rules the hour; the false and fickle crowd
That yesterday, with shout and chorus loud,
Welcomed the coming King; their vengeful cry
Is not "Hosannah" now, but "Crucify!"
"What! crucify your King! behold Him there"—
"We have no king but Cæsar!" rends the air.



MARIA, MOTHER OF JESUS (ROSA LANG).



PETRUS (JAKOB HETT).



ORDERING THE LAST SUPPER.

One last appeal: "The Paschal feast is nigh,
At which one malefactor doomed to die
I must release," and, as he speaks, they fetch
From prison walls hard by a loathsome wretch
Condemned for many crimes, the Law's just prey,
Who stands before them, in the light of day,
A hideous sight, whereat all outcries cease,
While Pilate cries, "Whom will ye I release?"
Too swiftly comes the answer to his call—
"Not Jesus, but Barabbas," say they all.
With coward will, borne down by Jewish hate,
Meanly he leaves the victim to His fate,
Washes his hands, vain show, and in one breath
Declares Christ guiltless—gives Him up to death.

So swiftly all has passed, that Mary knows
Only of Jesus' capture by His foes;
The Master taken, His disciples fled,
And in their flight the fatal tidings spread.
But John and Peter, through the darkness, crept
Where, in the High Priests' hall, the watch was kept,
And by the firelight, near their Master's side,
Waited, in fear, for what might next betide.
There, as the Lord foretold, to Peter came
His sudden, craven lapse; his hour of shame.
Slow waned the night, and ere the cock crew twice,
Had he, with oaths, denied the Saviour thrice;
Then the Lord looked on Peter, and he went,
In outer darkness, to the banishment
Of bitter tears, his head in anguish bowed,
Beating his breast, with lamentations loud.
John hastes to Mary, and we see them next
In the great city wandering, perplexed
With doubts and fears, when suddenly a cry
Breaks on their ears—the multitude is nigh,
Who view their victim, with triumphant hate,
Led to His death outside the city's gate;
He bears His cross, and now as Mary stops,
With looks aghast, beneath its weight He drops;
While, as with lightning stroke, upon her gaze,
The whole truth flashes with consuming blaze—
"Is this the goal His life of love has won,
Death on the cross accurst, My Son! My Son!"

We gaze and shrink, and shrinking still we gaze,
As with strong hands the middle cross they raise.
All things set down in holy writ are here—
The crown of thorns, the reed, the Roman spear,
The parted garments and the seamless vest,
The foul-mouthed rabble, with coarse jeer and jest,
The wagging heads, the rulers' boastful cry,
The sudden earthquake and the darkened sky—
Too real all; with horrors so compact
We lose the actors in the awful Act;
The mimic scene recedes, the players' stage,
Before the Passion of the Gospel page:
Nailed to the cruel wood, in dying pangs,
Between two thieves, the suffering victim hangs.
Supreme in power, to him who faintly cries
"Remember me," He opens Paradise.
Supreme in love, that love His murderers share—
"Father, forgive them," is His pitying prayer.
Still beats His human heart toward Mary's breast—
"Behold thy Mother, Son"—His sole bequest.
In cruel answer to His fainting call,
"I thirst," they bring Him vinegar and gall.
The Father's face withdrawn, in brief eclipse—
"Forsaken," trembles from His quivering lips;
Then, "It is finished," with loud voice He cries,
Commends His parting soul to God, and dies.

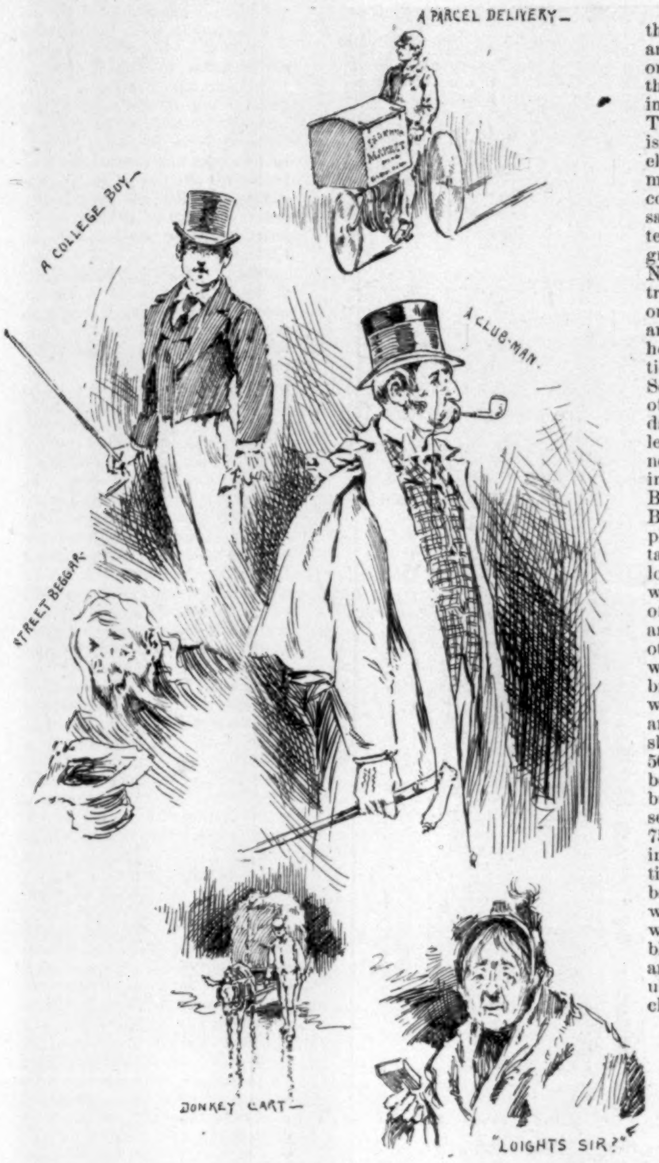
Beneath the fatal tree, in thickest gloom,
The faithful few are grouped by Joseph's tomb;
With loving thought he begged, and Pilate gave,
The lifeless body for his rock-hewn grave;
Then on the ladder's round his aid he lends,
As from the cross the sacred form descends.
This is the sombre scene by Rubens cast
On his famed canvas, in the transept vast
Of Antwerp's great cathedral, and to-day
The tragic movement of the Passion Play
Starts into life the forms his pencil wrought,
The players' action with the painter's thought.
Then for a little space her Son is laid
In Mary's arms, for death's long sleep arrayed;
With burial rite of tears and fond embrace,
They bear Him gently to His resting-place.
Love can avail no more; the Crucified
Is dead and buried. In His grave abide
What vanished visions: Hope with Him has fled,
The Lord of Israel slain, Messiah dead.
The mourners pass, and all is over now,
Only the spectral cross on Calvary's brow,
Brand of the world's worst shame, stands lone and bare,
Symbol of Heaven's wrath and man's despair.

This is the human ending, for the rest,
The sequel is divine and silence best.
Few scenes and simple mark the drama's close:
In the gray dawn the Easter sunlight glows;
At the grave's mouth, arisen, as He said,
The Lord appears; the Living leaves the Dead;
And at the last His radiant form is shown
In clouds ascending to the Father's throne.

We quit the place, and home returning, say:
"These are strange things that we have seen to-day."
Still while we muse, one thought the most intense—
How have these men this marvellous power, and whence?
No classic Roscius taught their earlier age,
No tragic Talma trod their later stage,
Nor modern players, versed in all the schools,
Have hither brought their new dramatic rules;
And yet these peasant actors, undismayed,
In loftier parts than Shakespeare drew, have played,
And not for rustic boors, or mountain swains,
Or simple herdsmen on Bavarian plains.
Hither the world is drawn; from all its shores
Comes the vast throng that through these gateways pours;
Here sit the critics who, with practised gaze,
View each fresh triumph won when Irving plays,
Or as the maddened Moor Salvini strides,
Or Booth unlocks the secret Hamlet hides.
How have these peasants dared this height to scale,
Where to succeed in part were but to fail,
With fearless footsteps on the dizzy edge,
Where less than full success were sacrilege?

Twofold the answer. Five times fifty years
One lofty thought possessed these mountaineers;
A generation slept, another came,
And still their purpose kept its steadfast aim,
Ran in their blood and in their pulses thrilled,
And all their life with all its spirit filled.
Nor deem it strange. What altar fires have leapt,
Where by a chosen few a faith is kept;
What deeds heroic ever have been done,
Where one strong impulse swept from sire to son;
See where, apart, in mountain wilds of Spain,
One lonely tribe in all the world retain
Their Orient, alien speech, and dwell alone;
So here the ancient Mystery claims its own,
And sets apart this far Bavarian clan
To show the Passion of the Son of Man.
Nor is this all. As on the wave the crest,
One master spirit shines above the rest,
Whose patient labor, wrought from day to day,
Through fifty years, has made the Passion Play.
The village pastor, shepherd of his fold,
Simple of heart, but fired with courage bold
To mould the native thought with daring skill,
And with the world its well-won fame to fill:
His touch has fashioned all; his plastic art
Shaped every scene and rounded every part;
His hand has planted on his hamlet's brow
The sparkling diadem which crowns it now.

Fair Oberammergau! to thy pure shrine
How many thoughts to-day revert with mine!
From over distant seas, from every zone,
What countless memories claim thee as their own!
To thee we flocked as birds of passage fly,
Their close-locked pinions darkening all the sky,
To pause an instant on some sunlit height,
Then part forever in their scattered flight;
From North and South, from East and West, we came,
Thy loving welcome still to all the same.
Thanks to each peasant host. And shall it be
This decade ends the Passion Mystery?
Here, as of old, shall sordid greed of gain
The Temple court defile with touch profane?
Shall the world's concourse, like some mountain slide,
Choke the pure streamlet with its muddy tide?
Perchance it must be so, yet as Time flies,
As the years roll, the waning century dies,
Haply thy sons, with purpose high and true,
In coming decades shall the vow renew;
Within the world, yet from the world apart,
And with the blessing of the pure in heart,
Safe in the fastness of their mountain home,
Show forth His Passion till the Saviour come.


A PARCEL DELIVERY—
A COLLEGE BOY—
A CLUB-MAN
STREET BEGGAR
DONKEY CART—
"LOIGHTS SIR?"

TYPES.

NOT IN LONDON GUIDE-BOOKS.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

ILLUSTRATED BY BERT WILDER.

BEFORE beginning my last ramble about London, let me pick up the broken ends of many threads that will go to make upon the reader's mind the same impression of the vast city that I got myself. Its bigness and its queerness are what impressed me most. I have told of its crowds and its huge police force, its great plain parks of grass, its innumerable semi-private green spots, its scores of separate "centres." In addition, every one knows of the score of famous recreation and study places, like "the Zoo," and the Botanic and the Horticultural Gardens, the Tower, the British Museum, and the Abbey, which distinguish the great city.

But who knows or ever could think of the fondness of the London people for swimming and bathing, or of the means they have for enjoying their baths? In one of the great parks in the heart of London an ornamental sheet of water, more unsecluded than the lake in Central Park, is made all but alive with bathers between five o'clock, or earlier in the morning, and 8 o'clock A.M. As many as 20,000 men and boys have been known to bathe in that pond in one day. That is the same park, by-the-way, wherein if you should go on a summer night, you would see the sward literally dotted, peppered, with the black forms of sleeping men—homeless and unemployed, or luxurious men who prefer the grass to crowded tenement quarters. There is no too nice objection to this by the law or its blue-clad myrmidons.

This is due to that amazing regard and demand for personal liberty of which I have before spoken. If the noble Briton wants to sleep out-of-doors in a park that is his as much as any one's, who shall say him nay? When an American, at a meeting of 10,000 socialists in Hyde Park one Sunday, asked why the police permitted such meetings, a bobby made answer, "Why, it pleases them and 'arms no one." There is the national spirit conveyed in a nutshell. The horrible murders in Whitechapel last year illustrate it once again. In a quarter frequented by outcasts it is the rule not to spy upon them or disturb them. This immunity from surveillance, which they have enjoyed for centuries, operated against them when a man took it into his head to murder them off one at a time. I doubt if any American who has not seen the extent to which the liberty of the individual operates could either understand it or believe it possible, and certainly no traveller could find a journal to publish an adequate account of it.

But to return to the baths. There are as many great ones in London as there are theatres in New York city. They are Turkish, Roman, vapor, electric, swimming, medicated, hot, cold, tepid, and salt. The most interesting are the great public baths. Nearly every district of London has one, and often there are public wash-houses in connection with them. Some of the older of these baths are dark and more or less gloomy, but the newer ones are very inviting. Take the Battersea Public Bath as an example. Its first-class tank is 100 feet long by 35 feet wide, with a depth of 6 feet at one end and 3½ feet at the other. It is lined with white glazed bricks, roofed with wood and iron and ventilating skylights, and has 50 locked dressing boxes. In the same building there is a second-class bath, 75 feet by 25 feet in size. At certain times women use both baths. The water is heated when it is desirable. These baths are distinctly popular. The first-class price varies from a shilling to fourpence, and the second class from sixpence to twopence, the cheaper baths being those in the more thickly populated parts of the city. The wash-houses connected with many of the baths seem of very great public benefit. Our philanthropists at home should consider whether there is not a demand for them in New York. These wash-houses are each fitted with a steam-engine, rinsing and boiling tanks, centrifugal wringers, a washing-machine, and a drying-room. For a penny or three ha'pence the poor of the neighborhood may perform all their "blue Monday" duties on any day of the week. When the washing is over and their goods are in the drying-rooms, they go away, and return again to lease the use of irons, ironing tables, and ironing blankets wherewith to complete their tasks.

Those who can afford them and want sea-water baths at home purchase ocean water at twopence a gallon, delivered at their doors. It comes to town every night, the trade in it being a speculation of one of the railroad companies. There is a swimming bath in the People's Palace—another institution which conveys to the mind a sense of the size of London. I did not see it, but I know in a general way that it is an enormous building, containing a library, reading-rooms, billiard-hall, baths, trade and scientific schools (having 3000 pupils in the evening classes, by-the-way), refreshment-rooms, public halls, winter-gardens, and many other attractive and improving features.

London has nine homes for shoeblacks—by which term is meant homeless boys—as well as a shoeblack society that aims to give the boys moral and intellectual training, to help them to save their money, and to give them self-respect. London has a lady guide society for looking after women strangers alone in London who can afford to pay for companions and for advice in shopping, sight-seeing, or whatever. London has a Home for Starving Cats, maintained in connection with a Dogs' Home. It is in Battersea. To this charitable institution are brought cats found starving in the streets. They are kept in a large clean cage, which has shelves for beds and sawdust for a carpet. In that cage they are fed with milk every morning and meat every night. Once in a while some visitor buys one, and so room is made for a new beneficiary. There are also some "aristocratic" cats in the home, pets of families out of town for the summer or for longer. These are called "the boarders," and the money they bring in helps pay for the keep of the vagrants as well as for their own maintenance.

London has what are called "cabmen's shelters" scattered about the city. They are tiny cottages, often in the middle of a street, and from them the drivers may procure warming drinks and sustaining food while at their tedious work. London has a carpet-beating company; it has 700 fixed points at which you can find a policeman whenever you need one; it has seventeen vegetarian restaurants; it has a directory as big as Webster's Unabridged, and so arranged that you cannot find any man's address in it unless you know what the address is before you look for it. London also has the most surprising number of clubs, nearly all maintained on piggish principles. Just as the Englishman's home, to be typical, must be surrounded by a wall, so his club must be inhospitable to strangers. In some clubs a member may take a stranger into a little reception-room by the door; in others, he may take a stranger into the dining-room; and in others the rule is, "no stranger shall be brought into the club-house under any circumstances."

In walking about London you are quite likely to see a rat-catcher, and you will know what his calling is as quickly as you set eyes on him. He will wear a leather belt or sash over one shoulder, and to this will be attached a row of rats stamped out of a sheet of brass. The man will carry a double bag—a sack separated in the middle—such as men used to carry goods in on horseback in another age. In one end of the bag you will see the outlines of a box or cage, suggesting that for some purpose he carries live rats about in that way. You will see, at certain street corners, numbers of Bath-chairs, or invalids' perambulators, each with a man by it to be hired as its motive power. You will see at night queer little carts, wherefrom are sold hot baked potatoes. You will see lawyers in great white wigs riding in open hansoms. You will see tally-ho coaches starting out from Charing Cross every morning with a fanfaronade of horns, and if you ride upon one, no sooner will you leave the thick of London than little beggar boys will begin to appear, and to turn cart-wheels beside your conveyance with the most surprising persistence and skill to coax your pennies from your pockets.

But we must take that last walk in London, and what better time to begin it will ever arrive? If you call on the Consul-General of the United States in Great St. Helen's Place, off Bishopsgate Street Within, you will be within a stone's-throw of what is called Richard the Third's Palace, or Crosby Hall. It is a most striking building, and is rendered gorgeous by illumination with stained glass and paint. Unfortunately it went to ruin at one time, and what one sees of it to-day is "restored"—a word full of anguish to the true antiquarian. The portion which remains includes the banqueting-room, the council-chamber, and some minor apartments of the original Crosby Hall, which was built in 1466 by Sir John Crosby, a merchant prince of the city. He died soon after the house was built, and his widow rented it to the Duke of Gloucester, afterward the third Richard. Here Sir Thomas More says "he lodged in Crosby's Place, where, by little and little, all folks drew unto, so that the Protector had the Court, and the King in a manner was left desolate." But interesting though all this is, the building is now an eating-house, kept by a caterer too enterprising to have left it for any one to tell a visitor to London of its existence or its beauties. It did not interest me half so much as its near neighbor, the little church called Great Saint Helen's, that rises from a court-yard of flag-stones behind the Hall. This church is seen by few visitors, and I found many Londoners who had not heard of it; yet Shakespeare is likely to have worshipped in it, for he lived in the parish at one time. This queerest of all the old churches in London has its history begin in a fog of myth and tradition. It is named for the mother of the Emperor Constantine, and one rumor is that she ordered it built. It is generally believed to date from A. D. 1010, and certainly in 1212 a convent and priory were established beside it for the "Black Nuns." In Henry VIII.'s time these nuns were driven out, and their property was confiscated, and in the early half of the sixteenth century the Leather-sellers' Company met in the Nuns' Hall. The convent and all except the church have long since disappeared, but the church is quite as sound as when new, and exceedingly interesting. It is small—a mere box—with a mean little turret on the roof, and with walls of broken stone coated with cement, yet within its walls time seems to have stood still for centuries, and age asserts itself as it does nowhere else in London. Small as it seems from without by reason of its lowness, it surprises the visitor by its internal dimensions. It contains a strange confusion of the architectures of many centuries, but it is in its memorials that its hold upon the mind and the eye is the strongest. One sees there a crowding of quaint ancient tombs and tablets; carved nuns' stalls and screen-work; a rich pulpit; sadly comical inscriptions: a Roman sibyl, long mistaken for the Blessed Virgin or the Lady Helena; a niche for the Lord Mayor's mace when he came to worship; gaudy and beautiful windows; an ancient helmet of iron; figures of knights cross-legged and in armor, and of aldermen in antique clothes carried beside figures of their long-waisted ladies and demure-looking daughters, all accurately habited in the costumes of the remote past.

To happen in Great Saint Helen's when the old woman in charge is there is to have history, fact, myth, fable, superstition, and guess-work all inextricably mixed. It is much the best time to go there, for she never tells anything unless it is more interesting than the truth. When she shows you the carved nuns' chairs, hinged in the centre so that the nuns might appear to be standing, yet might partly rest at the same time, this modest novelist remarks that these seats were thus made so that if any nun fell asleep at her devotions the seat would fall with a crashing noise. Above the tomb of Sir Thomas Gresham, a once great city merchant, is a helmet on a bracket. It was borne before the corpse at the funeral, but the old woman says, so solemnly, "That's the helmet of King Richard." She will show you Julius Cæsar's tomb also, if you wish her to, and will tell you there is no doubt that the dust of the great warrior, historian, and orator lies there.

But there are things in that church too queer for even this old woman to improve upon. Among the tombs is a twelve-foot square stone box in the body of the church. It is the resting-place of one Francis Bancroft, who purchased the ground inside the church, and settled part of his estate for beautifying and keeping it in order. He caused himself to be buried in a coffin whose lid was hinged and not locked, and he arranged that the key of the tomb, together with a tinder-box and bread and cheese, be kept in the tomb for one hundred years. He was a sad rascal, a junior officer of one of the Lord Mayors, and he made a grand fortune as an informer, taking half the fines he caused to be levied. Three times he was promoted from that post, and each time he bought it back. When he was buried his funeral was mobbed and his coffin upset.

Some inscriptions in the church are very notable. This is on the tomb of William Kerwin, who died in 1594:

> "The fates have afforded this narrow box to me who have adorned London with noble buildings. By me royal palaces were built for others. By me this tomb is erected for my bones."

On the tomb of one great lawyer, Sir Julius Cæsar, whom the guide to the church thinks was the Roman Emperor, is a carving of a parchment deed of his soul, or contract for its delivery "when called for." His true name was Julius Cæsar Aldemere, but he abandoned his surname. He was a politician, judge, and general place-holder in Elizabeth's time. He bought office and waxed rich. Once, when the Queen visited him, he gave her a "gown of cloth of silver richly embroidered, a black net-work mantle with pure gold, a white taffeta hat with flowers, and a jewel of gold set therein with rubies and diamonds." She removed from his house "with good contentment," but the visit cost £700, exclusive of provisions. In his memoirs he says that an ancestor of his, being asked how he attained such great age as to have lived in the reigns of seven monarchs, replied as follows:

> "Late supping I forbear;
> Wine and women I forswear;
> My neck and feet I keep from cold.
> No marvel, then, tho' I be old.
> I am a willow, not an oak;
> I chide, but never hurt with stroke.
> If thou be free, become not bound;
> If wrapped in debt, or, likewise, found
> Deceived by choice of wicked wife,
> Thank God, but still beware of strife.
> If she do chide, no answer give;
> Her wants supply, her griefs relieve;
> Rejoice in her, and please her still,
> And always let her have her will."

Great Saint Helen's is done scant justice by so cursory a note as this amounts to, for it is so full of interest to so many sorts of specialists, and to the general public as well, that it is easily third in importance among the churches of London, in spite of the fact that no guide-book that I saw made any mention of it.

From the Bishopsgate Street, where this queer old church is, if the reader will take a Holborn 'bus, he will notice Staple Inn, the most extraordinary of all the old inns. Just before it is reached, and on the other side of the street, is the "Old Bell Inn," which is worth stopping to see, if only for a moment. It is all as old as Elizabeth's reign. In the court, where the stage-coaches used to rumble in, with their knee-breeched, bewigged, beauty-patched, and crinolined loads, the house-keeper and a daughter or assistant now sit placidly knitting, in perfect calmness, twenty feet from the roar of Holborn. Over their heads is a wondrous row of old-fashioned bells on twisted springs, and through one of the doors you see the barman behind a tiny bar, holding pewter mugs beneath incontinent spigots.

Step back to the street, and in two minutes you will see another estuary of Holborn perforating a building. Over it are the words, "Furnival's Inn." You need not take two minutes at it, but if you step in, you have before you a great square court, and behind it the quietest and most enticing tavern, called Wood's Hotel. Around the other sides of the court are plain, dull-looking buildings of the monotonous patterns lawyers are doomed to select for their chambers, and on the front of one of these is the sign:

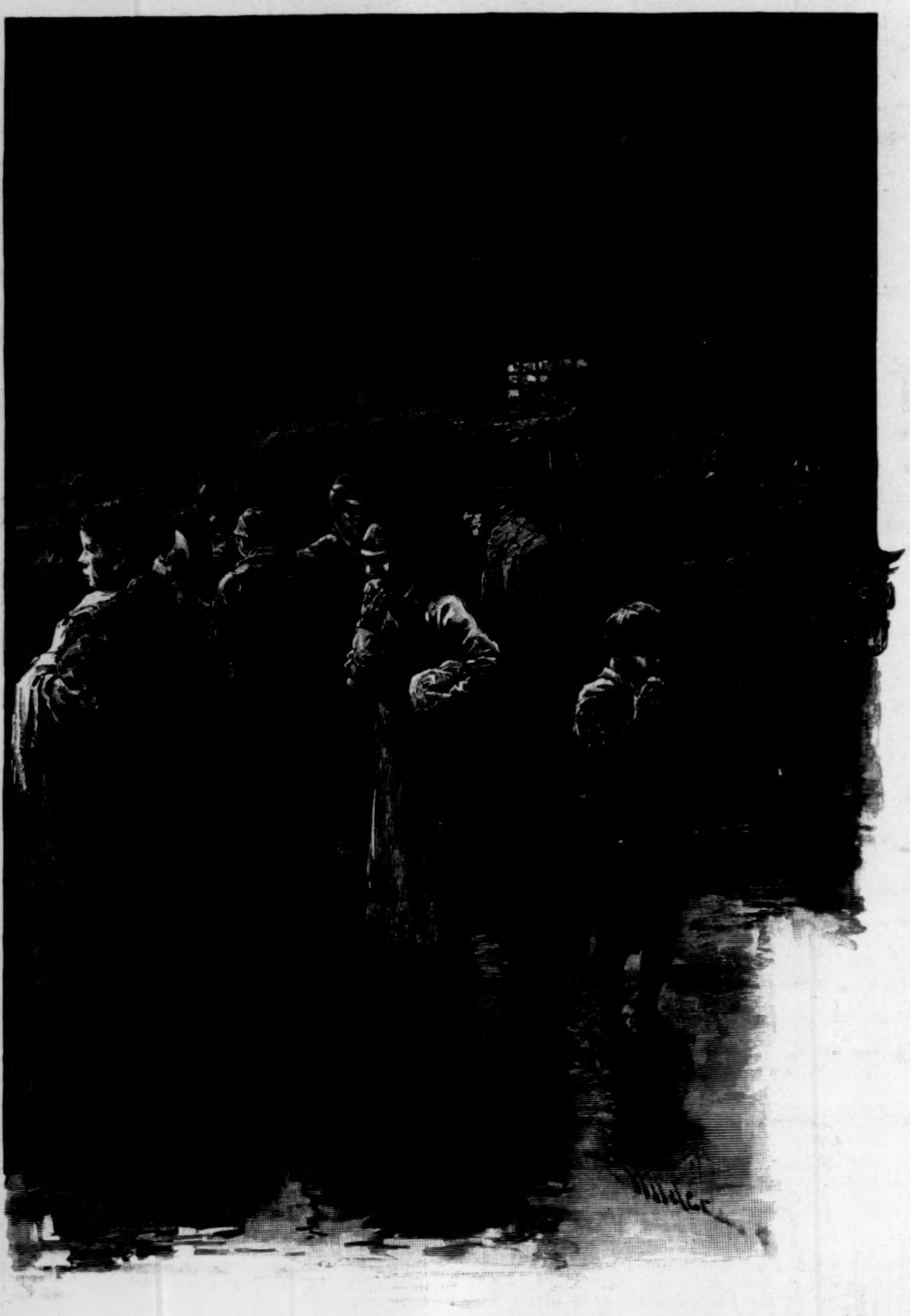
CHARLES
DICKENS.
NOVELIST,

LIVED HERE.

B. 1812,
D. 1870.

In fact Dickens did better than live there. He wrote *Pickwick* there.

Just above this ancient lawyers' haunt you will see Gray's Inn and all its courts, its square, and parks, its turns and lanes, its solemn, dingy walls, with their little doors and smaller windows, and the monotonous tin signs of the lawyers who hide away in there. Then ask your way to Chancery Lane, which is at your very heels, and go to the Rolls Chapel—the chapel of the Master of the Rolls of Chancery—established as a place of worship A.D. 1233. It is of minor interest within and without—of less interest than Chancery Lane itself, which Ben Jonson trod trowel in hand to and from his work, and where Izaak Walton kept shop and Cardinal Wolsey lived—but it is on the way to the Records' Building, where you may see the Doomsday-book, made 804 years ago, and guarded so well ever since then that time has harmed it very little.



THE HOT-POTATO CART.

It is a thoroughly modern and uninteresting building in which this time-honored "first census report" is kept, yet at the very door something of the value of the privilege the visitor is about to crave is suggested by the perfunctory challenge he receives from a servitor there, who cross-examines every one briefly upon his errand. This is needful to bring the average American to a realization of what he is venturing upon, for the average American never feels that anything may be rightfully kept from him while he is touring in Europe.

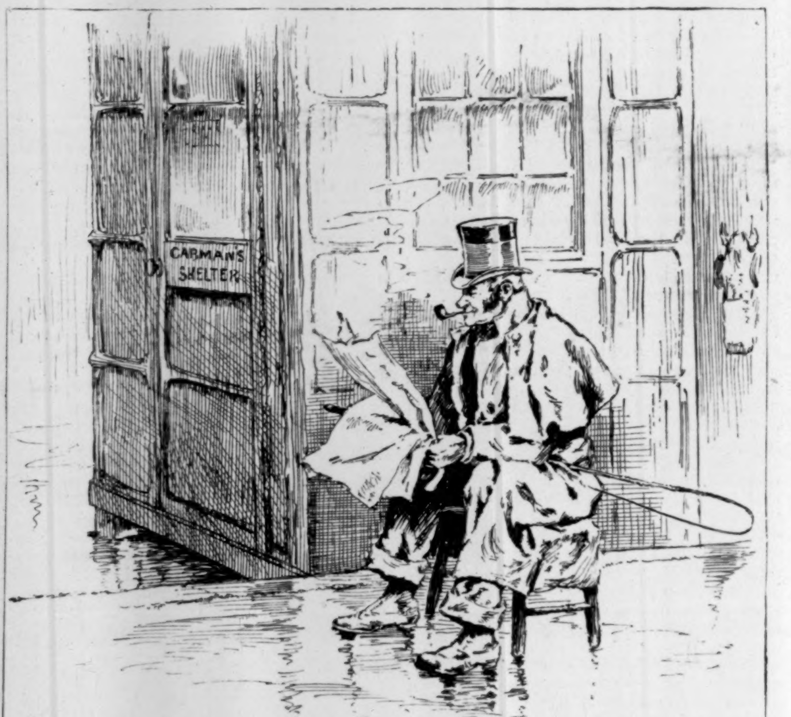
The Doomsday-book is in a small room above-stairs, in charge of a most agreeable officer, who, upon hearing the object of this visit, points to the book. It is so much smaller than the mind had conceived it to be that the discovery is disappointing—a quite ordinary-looking old tome in a quite ordinary glass box. No one would hit upon it as the Doomsday-book who had not first heard it described. Besides being undersized, it looks new, for it has been recently rebound; and afterward one may see the original cumbrous covers, pitted and foxed by time, lying in a most impressive old oaken chest that is sheathed with formidable iron bands. In this chest the famous tome reposed for centuries before public buildings were as well fortified and guarded as they are to-day.

Larger acquaintance with the old book begets increasing respect. As one turns over its stiff parchment leaves, and reflects upon what he is touching, the ancient volume grows more and more awe-inspiring. Therein is noted every "hyde of land" in every county of England, the work of hundreds of the subjects of the Conqueror sent out by him that he might determine the wealth of his subjects in order to impose a tax upon them to meet the cost of a threatened invasion by the people of Denmark and Flanders. The great work, the earliest of its kind performed in Europe, was finished in eight months, and in addition thereto record was made of all the cattle in the kingdom. But the respect the book commands comes of its later, its present value, for the history of England rests upon its data. Cities that boast their antiquity point to its pages for proof of their glory. The oldest families of all the English-speaking world draw their chief pride from it. As the neatly lettered pages fall upon one another past one's fingers, it is noticed that the work is semi-illuminated, and evidently by many hands, that the colored initials are almost as bright as though painted nearly 400 years after the discovery of America, instead of as many years prior to that now distant date; that though the parchment is yellow the writing is black, and that every page is uniformly legible. Along the inner edge of each margin are little perforations like pinholes, one at either end of each ruled line. These show that the pricking wheel which stationers use to-day—or something very like it—was then employed.

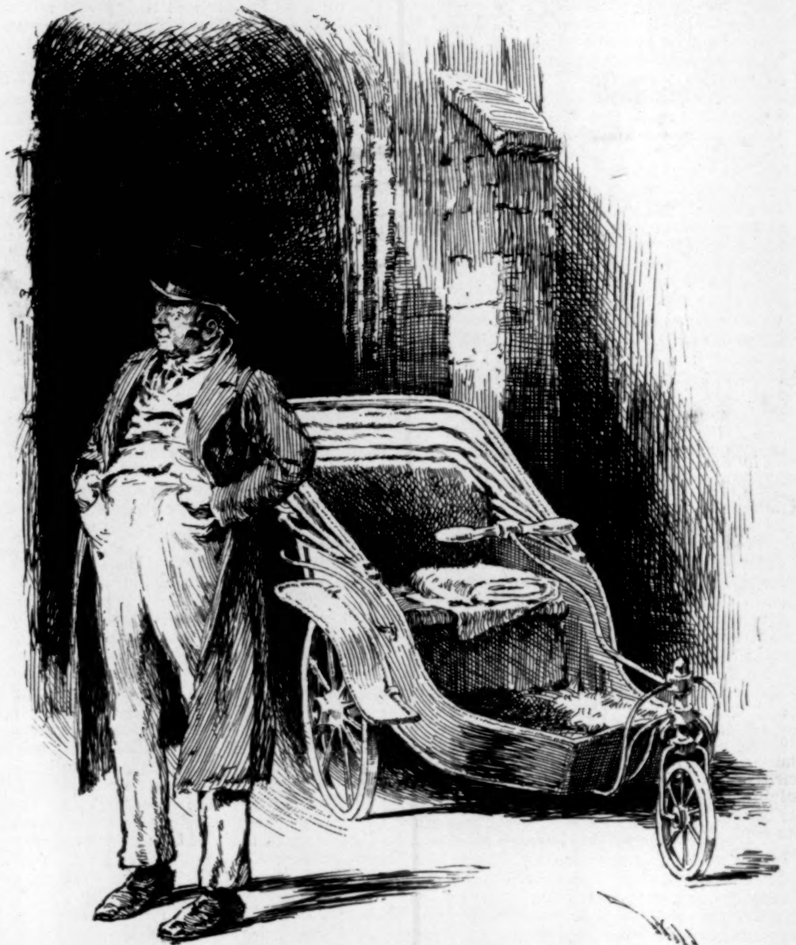
In the same room are some equally ancient duplications of parts of the historic work, separate records of various counties. But more precious than these is the gorgeous treaty made after the Cloth of Gold meeting between Francis I. and Henry VIII. in 1529, and signed at Avignon. It has a beautifully illuminated title-page, and appended to it is a massive seal, the workmanship of which is ascribed to Cellini.

And still more precious to all who value their country and its parentage, with all the progress and civilizing influences that both represent, is the tone of greeting that follows a visitor's announcement that he is an American:

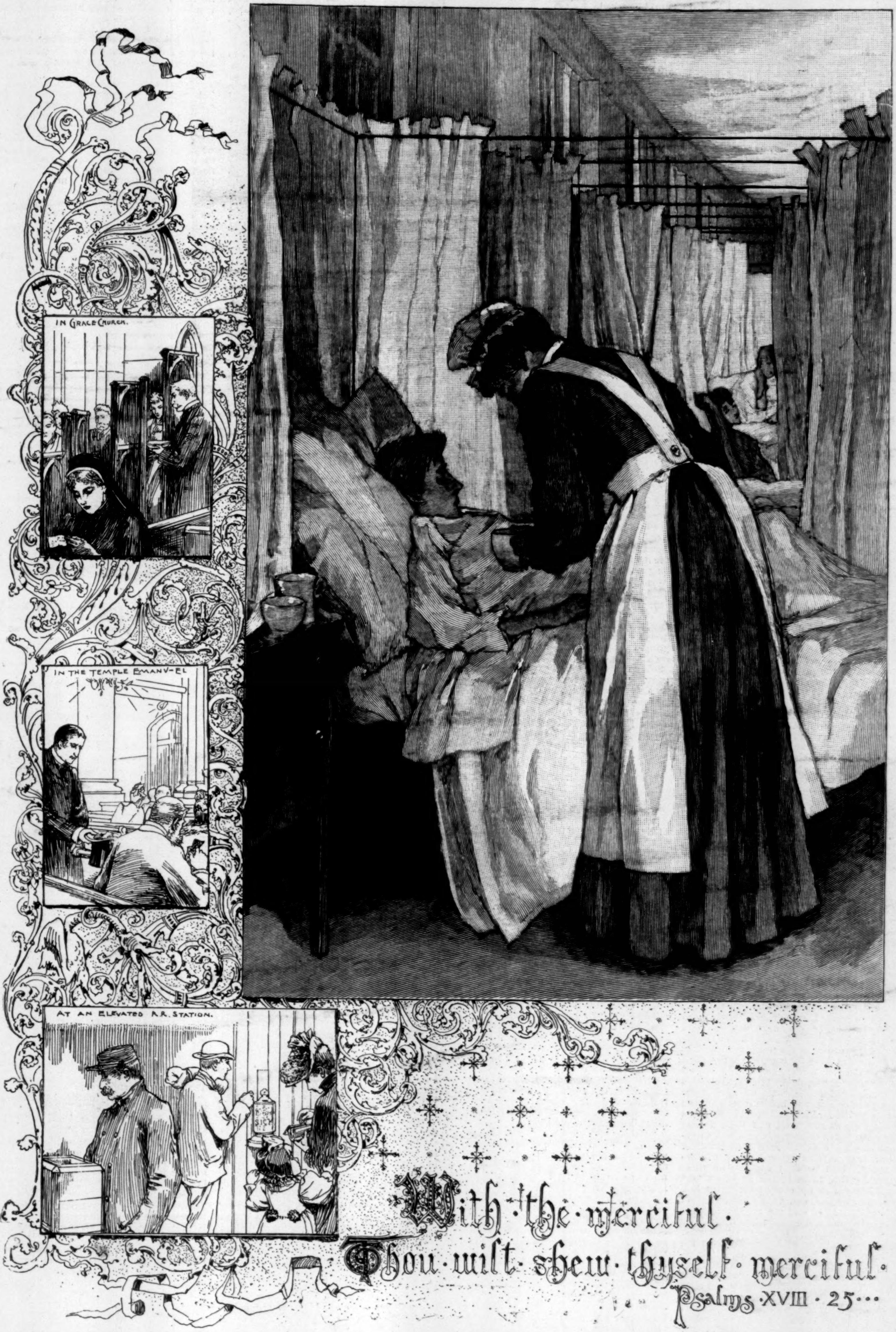
"We like to show these treasures to Americans," says the Secretary. "We feel that we are exhibiting the family jewels in such a case. We feel that you and we are close kith and kin, and that both are dedicated to the great work of Anglicizing the world, and of bringing about that glorious day when this old island shall be as the Holy Land to all the people of the globe."



OUTSIDE CABMAN'S SHELTER.



A BATH-CHAIR.


IN GRACE CHURCH.
IN THE TEMPLE EMANU-EL
AT AN ELEVATED R.R. STATION.
With the merciful
Thou wilt shew thyself merciful.
Psalms XVIII. 25.

THE WORK OF THE HOSPITAL SATURDAY AND SUNDAY ASSOCIATION.—Drawn by Jessie Shepherd.—[See Page 6.]

MR. LASSUM'S MIRACLE.

He would have said, in a doleful nasal tone, that he was a "pore 'flicted invalid, 'flicted for many years, an' nothin' short of a maracle could cure him."

He had an odd sort of mawkish sentimentality, rare among his class, excited by the contemplation of his very peculiar condition. Looking at him, however, on his generous feather-bed, with its pillows, luxurious as those of a divan, heaped under his shoulders, it would have been hard to find in him any resemblance to the picture he drew. His weight must have exceeded two hundred and fifty pounds, and his firm flesh was rosy as a healthy child's. Moreover, he was the picture of comfort. The old-fashioned high-post bedstead on which he lay was tall enough to bring his head on a line with the small window commanding a view of the hill road; on the other side the outlook through the open door allowed him to follow the same road until the woods took it into secret keeping. On a table within reach of his hand were a tumbler and a stone jug, decorated with exaggerated clover leaves in blue glaze, and frequently refilled with water from the spring. In the corner stood a stout hickory staff, with which he pounded on the floor to summon an audience when he wished to make his wants known. A heap of newspapers, well thumbed and soiled, of respectable antiquity, was also conveniently near. On the window-ledge, in methodical precision, his corn-cob pipe, package of Sweet Navy, and box of sulphur matches were ranged. Some one had stuck a red peony into a wide-mouthed bottle, that the unfortunate, no doubt, might enjoy the gorgeous evidence of perfected spring.

He had finished eating his evening meal—from the adjoining room came the sound of some one rapidly washing dishes—and lay back on his pillows, with his knees drawn up at an acute angle, his hands clasped behind his head, and no very pleasant expression around his half-closed eyes. It was almost dusk in the room. The small one-story-and-attic dwelling huddled in the lowest hollow of the country for miles around. Long after sunrise and long before sunset a misty twilight wrapped it. Its clearing formed a triangle, with the road for the base, on one side the hill, on the other the woods. The location of this freehold was in that part of southern Maryland commonly known as "God-forsaken" to the stranger within its borders. Tracks of stunted forest growth, dense, not imposing, covered acre after acre. In some places the pine had been felled, and with wonderful alacrity its position supplied by an undergrowth of scrub oak. With a correspondingly obliging disposition, the pine claimed the place of the oak, late removed. Roads of clay or sand, equally indifferent, threaded track after track of idle land, showing visible improvement in the neighborhood of the rare but well-kept plantations in the section, whose owners were pretty sure to be county commissioners, road supervisors, etc. Occasionally the road went through low fields lying fallow, and then the problem of comfortable travelling was easily solved. If a wash-out made itself disagreeably noticeable, it consumed less time to drive around than to repair it, and six roads around as many wash-outs or mud-holes, branching out from the original at different lengths, overtaking it again further on, were scarcely worthy of remark. The county road within sight of Mr. Job Lassum's house embraced three several peculiarities in its limited space. In dry weather the hill was hard and rough; lower down it was known as "Feather-bed Lane," a local sarcasm on the infinite number of smooth flint stones which had proved most disastrous to wagon springs from time immemorial. Below these, a deep and heavy sand marked the roadway into the woods.

It was on an afternoon late in May that Mr. Lassum, tired of literature, surfeited with tobacco, being a moderate smoker, and feeling no longer hungry, heard the noise of a vehicle approaching the summit of the hill. Long practice had made him expert in the interpretation of sounds. He knew the buggy would be old man Schism's, and brightened up mentally, but assumed a dejected expression, at the prospect of a chat. It was a rare thing for man, woman, or child to pass the door without stopping to condole with "pore" Mr. Lassum. He saw the horse's big rawboned frame come up against the sky, pausing a second before descending, he saw wiry old Mr. Schism brace himself for a jolting across the flints, and then, jerking the reins, drive deliberately past and disappear noiselessly over the sand into the woods.

Mr. Lassum felt aggrieved, forsaken, of no account. Had he kept his bed all these years for this, to be passed by like a man who had gotten up every morning at half past four or five, and gone to bed at eight every night? It was the neglect that cut him to the soul, and destroyed the tranquillity of the twilight hour. It began to grow dark. A whippoorwill called incessantly from the orchard on the hill; frogs croaked "knee-deep! knee-deep!" from their pools; and pale faint stars came out to quiver above the tree-tops. The dusky form of a horse and rider loomed shadowy and indistinct against the sky on the brow of the hill, a stumbling and snorting over the flints, a short interval of silence, and a knock on the lintel of Mr. Lassum's door.

"Come in," called Mr. Lassum, languidly; and young Pinky Schism, with a poor assumption of self-possession, stepped over the threshold.

"How d' yo' find yo'se'f to-*day*, Mr. Lassum?" he asked.

Despite the fact of his instant identification a few moments ago, in the uncertain light of the room the host peered curiously at his visitor with keen eyes, which he shaded with a fat white hand.

"Porely, porely, I'm 'bliged to yo', sir," he said, pathetically; "but I don't seem to know yo'. Maybe yo' air a stranger in these parts? Would yo' be so kind as to make yo'se'f known?"

Young Schism shifted his weight from one leg to the other, put his hat on, took it off, and giggled nervously. He had small faith in this non-recognition, but nevertheless was very ill at ease.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" said Mr. Lassum. "Come in, come in. You's growed such a fine gentleman in yo' store clo'es o' ev'y day. Set down, set down."

"How d' yo' find yo'se'f to-*day?*" repeated the visitor, because he could think of nothing else.

He sat on the extreme edge of a chair, his smart straw hat underneath. He was a very slight young man with sloping shoulders, his hair a light straw-color, and his eyes a watery blue, but he was the beau of his circle. His family was in a transition state, rising from the ignorance and poverty of the "po' white" of their section to the thrift and comfort of small farmers. They had cleared and fenced their land, and, much to the envy of their neighbors, instituted a superior style of living.

"No diff'ent from what I was when yo' fust asked me; an' much anybody cares! Yer I ben a-layin' an' a-layin' sence the wa', a pore 'flicted invalid, with a cur'ous complaint no doctors can't explain. They comes an' they shakes they heads, an' they goes away an' leaves me a-layin' on my back, an' who cares? By jolly! strong an' healthy neighbors rides by on the other side, and don't so much as looks to'ards the house. They rides pas' clost up agen the fence, an' here I am, nothin' this side of a maracle kin cure me. 'Twarn't like this before the wa'. I had three as likely niggers as any man aroun', an' a wife that wasn't afraid o' work. Then my wife taken sick and died. I could 'a' bore it with the niggers left, could 'a' shuffled along some way, but *they* had to go, an' yer I was left with two children on my hands, I might say, an' this cur'ous complaint a-gettin' worse an' worse. The day Zeb was able to scratch a little corn into the ground, an' look after the mule an' cow, an' Clorindy big enough to fetch a kittle o' water from the spring, I taken to my bed, an' yer I ben ever sence."

Schism made a sound expressive of sympathy. "Zeb home?" he asked.

"He's al'ays home, Zeb is. He 'ain't got no time to waste a-cavortin' around the country from Dan to Beersheba; but it's more'n likely he's gone to bed. He never was more'n thirty mile from home in his life; never was on a railroad train, an' *al'ays* goes to bed at eight o'clock'. There's a son for a father to be proud of! When I think how some boys is riz! Maybe I don't *see* much, but layin' yer I does a heap o' thinkin'. Coursin' over the country from one end to the other, sto' clo'es on o' week-days, an' such like. Why, you ben up to Berryville yo'se'f twicet in the last two year, 'ain't yo'?"

Mr. Schism, who had a pardonable pride in his travels, answered in the affirmative.

"*I* thought so; *I* heerd as much."

"Clorindy home?"

"No, I can't say she is, ezactly."

Under cover of the darkness Mr. Schism screwed his courage to the sticking-point. "The house 's a-comin' up, an' 'll be ready for the roof nex' week."

"Yo' don't *say!*"

"An' the plasterin' the week after."

"Yo' don't *say!*"

"An' pap he thought it might be called done before harves', an' I better speak to you, bein' Clorindy herse'f she seems willin'."

There was an ominous silence, but to the aspirant for matrimonial honors every corner in the room, every dark and dewy space in the woods, every shadow in the hedge-row, seemed to call aloud, "Clorindy! Clorindy! Pinky Schism's come to ask for Clorindy!" And voices from plain and hill and hollow, "For Clorindy! Clorindy!" tossed the words from one to another, on and farther on, as if some wondrous echo, always audible, had taken it up *never* to die away.

"Hem-m-m!"

Mr. Lassum cleared his throat elaborately, raised himself on one elbow, and looked in the direction of the door, where his visitor's head was indicated by a dark unsteady spot against the sky.

"I've ben a-wantin' to have a talk with you this *long* time," he began, "an' it might 's well be now 's later on. Pinky Schism, you is too sot up in yo' ways. You an' yo' father acts 's if yo' owned *ev'y*think. We don't want *no*body to look down on *us*, *we* don't. Sence yo' taken the prize for turnips at the cattle show they's ben no livin' f'r yo'. You's bigger 'ristycrats than the Colonel. You actially wears sto' clo'es o' ev'y day. Jeans good enough f'r Zeb, an' was good enough f'r his father when he had use f'r 'em. Lassums is as good as Schisms any day. Ef I wasn't a pore 'flicted invalid, a-layin' yer on my back ever sence the wa', I'd thrash the fust man 'at 'ud say contrariwise. I ben a mother to Clorindy; she's had a better raisin' than any woman could 'a' gin 'er, an' she ain't a-goin' to fling away her prospec's on nobody" (raising his voice as for the benefit of a possible auditor, unseen), "not after all I done for 'er. I taken more pains with that girl than her mother would 'a' done, an' what I mean to tell yo' now is that the plasterin' o' yo' house don't need to go on no furder so fur's Clorindy's concerned, for I don't give my consents, *no*ways."

There was a breathless silence after these words; even those maddening voices of wood and hill were still for a time; then a chaos of sounds indistinguishable. After a while the shrill call of a cricket resolved itself from the others, and the lean old hound under his master's bed yelped and whined, as in dreams he coursed a lively cotton-tail. A hominy beater kept up a measured tap, tap, tap on the threshold, and the whippoorwill in the orchard began again his plaintive call, as if he never intended to leave off. In short, every performer in the orchestra which furnishes the music of a summer eve was in excellent time and tune.

"Well," remarked Mr. Schism, taking up his hat, "I reckon I'd better be goin'. Good-day."

"Good-*night*."

Clorinda was carrying Zeb's dinner afield. She walked listlessly over the wagon track, between the blades of nodding grasses and weeds knee-high; a covered pail, reeking with moisture, in one hand, and a basket on her arm. Her head was bent, and the face within the flapping sun-bonnet sullen in its hopelessness. Quite a pretty girl was Clorinda; better still, she was modelled on a plan that suited popular taste—plenty of flesh, big black eyes, and a shock of thick, if not long, blue-black hair. The "aguer" had not yet drained away her soft coloring; her lips were dewy and red.

Zeb brought his mule leisurely along the tobacco row, turned him loose in the shade, and removing the lid from Clorinda's kettle, drank eagerly of the cool buttermilk.

"That's *good*," he said, with a deep respiration.

"It's been in the spring sence churnin'," she answered.

It was nearly twelve o'clock. The sassafras and persimmon trees cast circular shadows over the hedge-rows. A line of tall cedars stood out like spires against the sky. The heated air wavered and quivered far and near. Clorinda wearily took off her bonnet and sat down in the shade. A growth of feathery wild-carrot blooms made a tremulous crown above her black hair. She clasped her knees with her hands, and laid her chin upon them, looking across the rows of tobacco with troubled, unseeing eyes. At her side Zeb eat heartily of the corn-bread and bacon. He was a man of solemn visage, freckled and long and lank; but there was much of kindly feeling in the depths of his eyes, of honest resolution in his unlovely face. The neighbors spoke of him approvingly as serious-minded.

"Yo' 'ain't ben yo'se'f lately, it 'pears to me," he said, hunger having lost its edge. "What's wrong with yo'?"

"Nothin' ain't the matter with *me*," replied Clorinda, airily and ambiguously.

"Yo' don't eat, an' yo' 'ain't got nothin' to say, an' yo're a-gettin' peakéder an' peakéder. Pinky don't come over no more, does he?"

"'Deed I don't know, an' I don't care, neither."

"Seems like I 'ain't seen him yer since old Miss Coggins died."

Silence. Clorinda made the print of her teeth all over her hands, apparently much interested in the deep impressions they left.

"An' that was early in the season, warn't it? I rec'lec', for I had to stop workin' to send the mule to the buryin'."

"'Ain't no call to come 'f he don't wanter; nobody wants 'im 'less'n *you* do."

"I see him at meetin' last Sunday; he had his cousin along. His house goes on slowly—slowly."

"I reckon he'll marry his cousin, an' *she'll* lead him a dance," said Clorinda, oracularly.

"Pinky's purty much cut up about the way pap treated him; so onexpected, too, after 'pearin' 's if he were willin'. He look *mis*'able. I never see a mis'abler-lookin' man. I do believe you could 'mos' count his teeth through his lips. He never had flesh to spare, but he's as lean an' p-o-r-e. I'm a-thinkin' he'd better be a-preparin'."

"Well, he needn't taken his spite out on *me*. I couldn't help pap's notions. *I* was willin' enough." And to Zeb's astonishment she broke into a passion of tears, hot, angry, in accordance with her nature.

All summer the storm had been brewing, but a stubborn pride kept it at bay. Now, her with head bowed on her knees, and the white weed over her trembling and shaking with the violence of her sobs, she wept herself into a quieter frame of mind than she had known since her lover was so peremptorily dismissed; the shortcomings of his father visited on *his* head, and thus on hers. Tears of anger, rebellion, wounded pride, and feeling for her own desolation, jealousy of every girl within twenty miles—his cousin first of all—exhausted themselves at last in a gentle rain of self-pity.

"I'll be an ol' maid, I reckon," she said, turning her face from her brother, with all the sensitive shame of her class at being betrayed into the expression of an emotion: "I'll soon be eighteen, an' nobody 'll look at me, even if I wanted 'em to, which I *don't*. I'll live along er pap 's long 's I live at *all*, an' take care o' him. He's been good to me, pap has, I *mus'* 'low; never a cross word till ol' Mr. Schism rode by without lookin' or 'lightin', an' made pap think 's if he were puttin' on airs, 's if we warn't no 'count, though I don't think he mean't it *no*ways, him a-comin' reg'lar ever sence I can rec'lec'."

"I had some conve'sation with Pinky," Zeb went on, disregarding his sister's eloquence, "an' in the co'se of the conve'sation sez 'e: 'Zeb,' he sez, 'I don' care no more f'r *nothin'*. I taken a pride in that house when I was a-buildin' it, but I wouldn't care ef a wind was to come an' blow it inter the middle of the crick.' I told him he was flyin' in the face o' Providence to talk like that, an' he 'lowed he never thought before that one girl could make s' much diff'ence; 'at he usually taken 'em all as a matter o' co'se, one jes 's good 's another, excep' f'r looks; but somehow 'n' other he couldn't settle down to none of 'em, an' he ast me ef I could kind o' think o' some way o' straightenin' out matters. He say you don't look to'rds him when yo' see 'im, ner make no sign ner nothin', an' him bein' awful cut up. I tol' him 'twarn't no fault o' yourn; that, knowin' yo' 's well 's I do—all my life, 's I may say—I knowed yo' warn't a girl liable to make signs, an' he'd best come straight t' you, an' ast yo' your intentions hisse'f."

"I'll purty quick tell him," said Clorinda, "'f he comes foolin' roun' *me* agen. *I'll* let Mr. Pinky Schism know 'at *I* ain't to be picked up an' put down like *some* girls I know. I'll tell him fast enough. You jes let him come to *me!*"

Nevertheless, there was a softness in her eye—Clorinda being formed for submission—there was a tremulous sweetness on her lip, that, despite the spirited words, would have encouraged a less confident man than Pinky Schism. Zeb, obtuse in his limited knowledge of human nature, was not deceived. He remarked, quietly,

"Then yo' don't wan' t' hear no more, I expec'," and made as though he would fetch his mule.

Clorinda laughed, and leaning backward, struck the tall stems of the wild-carrot until its dainty umbels danced in a hundred gyrations above her upturned face.

"Well, then, for *good*ness' sake, tell me what the goose said, an' be done with it!"

"He said he'd turnt many things over in his mind, an' he had a offer to make yo', somethink like this—'at you two should jes walk off quietly like an' git married."

Zeb's face glowed with unselfish enthusiasm; his great cavernous mouth stretched from ear to ear in a rare smile. He spread his hands in a comprehensive gesture, which said, plainly, "There is nothing simpler; all your difficulties are solved; prepare to be happy."

Clorinda's face fell. "Oh!" she gasped; "but pap?"

"He can't say nothin' when it's all over an' done with."

"He won't have nobody to do f'r him."

"What's wrong with me? Can't I find 'im somethink to eat?"

"Pap's been good to *me*," she said, doggedly, "an' it don't seem right to go agen 'im, even for Pinky Schism—him bein' a invalid sence the wa'!"

Zeb said nothing, aloud, but he made several remarks below his breath before he continued: "An' he said—Pinky did—'f you'd come along o' me t' the bush meetin' at Marly's nex' Sunday, he'd meet us on the road ef he had to walk; an' you two, bein' deepest concerned, could talk the matter over, me bein' no impedy*ment*. That's about all, so fur 's I rec'lect. Now what yo' goin' to do, so 's I can tell Pinky 'n case I see him?"

"I *won't* go; I *can't* go, Zeb, 'thout tellin' pap. No; the best thing I can do 's jes to go 'long a-livin' a ol' maid 's long 's I live, like Jenny Taylor; she's thirty-four 'f she's a day, an' nobody to look at her twicet."

Like most natures of which her own was a type she enjoyed contemplating a sacrifice never to be offered, making the most of its proportions; but she could not account for the effect of her words on Zeb—the blush that tinged his forehead, the fallen jaw, and injured expression of eye. Sisters are blind sometimes. How was she to know that Miss Taylor and her eight years of seniority were proving a powerfully disturbing element in Zeb's honest mind?

Mr. Lassum was prepared and fortified to spend the long September Sunday alone. A number of old newspapers had been brought out for him with which he intended to refresh his mind as to half-forgotten events, a generous supply of provisions placed within reach, and he and his hound left to themselves. Zeb and Clorinda started to the meeting early. The mule was never more averse to travelling than on Sunday, as Zeb knew from long experience. Over the uneven, narrow road they jolted, between scrubby borders of brush and brier, under a fierce sun, occasionally through the grateful shade of a strip of woods alive with balmy airs and the flutterings and voices of birds and insects.

The road to Marly's lay through a flat and untimbered country, broken here and there by shallow creeks and branches running up from the river and easily forded. At one of the fords Mr. Schism, mounted on his chestnut colt, seemed to have come upon them by accident, and to recognize them with difficulty, at whom Clorinda would not look, but had a very serious time in arranging and rearranging the dinner basket to her satisfaction.

Zeb observed that it was "purty warm." Mr. Schism said, "A little"; and after watering their horses, they resumed their journey toward Marly's, Mr. Schism, politely in the rear, the unconscious recipient of a great deal of red dust. The meeting had already begun. The first sound they heard was the high-strained voice of the preacher, then the plunging of a horse in the bushes, the cracking of twigs and branches, and the subdued voices of the unimpressed on the outskirts of the gathering. Zeb tied the mule, and being a serious-minded young man, took his place among the elders. The pulpit and platform were built of old planks, toned to silvery gray by rain and sun, resting upon natural supports. Six young hickories, growing at convenient angles, had been lopped off about four feet from the ground, and hopeful despite misfortune, still sprouted clusters of brilliant green. Around the platform great heaps of oak branches were massed, and the space enclosed for possible penitents, their comforters, exhorters, etc., spread knee-deep with golden straw.

Clorinda took her place among the younger women and girls, and listened patiently to the sermon. The preacher, a young man from Washington, held forth against the vanities and temptations of a wicked world. He exhorted his hearers, some of whom had never seen a playhouse, to beware of the baleful influence of the theatre. He painted in burning words the dangers of balls and fashionable follies to people whose wildest dissipation was a corn-shucking or a quilting. He was quite a young man, and, as Clorinda told herself long after she lost the thread of the discourse, "he preached an' preached an' preached."

She found herself, later on, face to face with her admirer, who, with a generosity scarcely to be expected under the circumstances, asked plaintively, "How's yo' pap?"

To whom Clorinda, with much dignity, made answer, "He's jes the same, I'm 'bliged t' yo'."

They were walking slowly away from the others, down a smooth glade in the woods, dusky with dense shadow pierced with slender lances of golden light. Mr. Schism sighed and cleared his throat; not eliciting a response, he coughed pathetically.

"You don't 'pear to be any too well yo'se'f," said Clorinda, who felt that the silence must be broken.

"It don't 'mount to nothin'; I taken cold some time ago. We got consumption in the fam'ly. My uncle's wife died of it. 'Pears to me the best thing that could happen to some folks 'ud be to put 'em out o' they mis'ry."

"That ain't a Christian sperit," said Clorinda, severely. She had picked up a little store of cut-and-dried sayings, which she applied at random, with a vague idea of administering religious instruction.

"It's a fac', sence yo' pap acted so astonishin'—so *unmerciful*, I may say—I've been wellnigh distracted, it a-comin' so onexpected, an' the house ready an' ev'ythink. We've gone on an' finished it. It's ready for whoever 'll come after me—Bob, or Joe, most likely, as he's stronger notions o' marryin'—but it ain't finished f'r *me; I* don't 'xpec' to be yer long."

This was very melancholy. Mr. Schism had an infinite pity for himself, and Clorinda's heart was tender; the result was that soon the foolish tears were wetting her cheeks, and she, tortured betwixt desire and duty, leaned alternately to one and the other. The dark hints that her father was, after all, but an invalid from choice were beyond her comprehension. The proposal that she should steal away from one who had allowed her to contribute to his maintenance and comfort since long before her childish strength was adequate to the task shocked her sense of gratitude.

"An' him never 's much as give me a cross word."

On the other hand, to be Pinky Schism's wife had seemed to her, from the time she first began to look toward the port matrimonial, the climax of earthly happiness and prosperity. Not the Colonel's son himself, whom she had seen on an occasional fox-chase, could in her eyes compare with the beau of her circle. Besides, she was, according to her light, a conventional soul. Pinky's proposal to ride away in the night to the county town and find a minister who would marry them, or, failing there, take the boat for Baltimore, lacked respectability in her eyes. No other girl of her acquaintance had ever been married under such circumstances.

She had often planned her wedding. Zeb would ride around the country one afternoon and invite the neighbors; she would make the necessary household preparations. She had often pictured the arrivals; the long table spread in the kitchen, the sensation the bride would create entering the best room in the midst of the solemn assemblage. She had even provided the preacher with a lengthy address, and herself with suitable replies to the usual congratulations, and then, when the Rev. Mr. Smoot and a few of the elders had gone, there would be a dance for the young folks—"Pitch in, Tucker," and "The Cheat," with old Jim Coombs at the fiddle. After good-byes to pap and Zeb, how she, stepping with a dignity commensurate to her new estate into a smart new buggy, Mr. and Mrs. Schism would drive away through the dawning to their new home and happiness ever after.

"I *can't* do it noway," she told him, as she had told her brother. Nevertheless she informed herself beyond mistake as to the hour and spot at which he proposed to await her, and though she said again and again, "I *can't* do it," she had already settled in her mind the advisability of turning the back breadth in her green stuff gown, and of wearing a winter bonnet, considering that the season might be colder so far away from home. The sound of lusty voices in a stirring hymn suggested to them the propriety of returning. So occupied was she with her own thoughts that she looked at Zeb and Miss Jenny Taylor singing rapturously from the same book without comprehending the gravity of the situation. She left with her brother at the close of the service, and all the way home through the fragrant, golden air she told herself innumerable times, "I *can't* do it," and as often fell to contemplating results should she change her mind.

Wednesday afternoon wore on with all the brilliance and beauty of which late September is capable. An amber light bathed every tree, weed, and blade of grass. Clouds of magnificent purple, rosy and violet, gathered slowly about the west. Clorinda, gowned in her green frock, wearing a winter bonnet, a shawl across her arm, came out of the kitchen, and lingered along the garden. Most of the vegetables had died down, but the cabbage looked well, also the patch of turnips and the climbing-beans.

In among the vegetables a few old-fashioned flowers grew — kiss-me-over-the-garden-gate, tall and graceful, along the path; love-lies-bleeding; black-eyed-susans; and against the hen-house a rose-bush, that had been a wonder of dainty pink in the spring, shook in the breeze until its few brownish leaves let go their hold, and floated leisurely away, turning over and over in their flight to the ground.

Clorinda looked at the homely spot with something like shame in her face. Her father's lean hound, hearing her footstep, left his sleeping master, and stood in the sunlight at the corner of the house, blinking stupidly at the unusual sight of his mistress in her Sunday gown on week-days. He could not solve the problem, or perhaps had lost all ambition to do so; for after a while he turned away, and, with many querulous noises, curled himself up on the step.

"It ain't right," said Clorinda, resolutely, "and I know it; but it's no more'n fair 'at he should know what I think, the reason I won't go."

With stern determination on her face, expressed in her footstep, she walked down the path between the bean poles, and disappeared in the woods.

Later in the afternoon Mr. Lassum waked from his nap, and called, "Clorindy! Clorindy!"

Not receiving a response, he turned his face from the light, made a comfortable place for his shoulder in the feathers, and straightway drifted into a delightfully happy state between sleeping and waking. He heard Zeb's heavy foot-fall in the garden, half unconsciously, in the porch, and over the kitchen, and then the awful tidings,

"Pap, Clorindy's gone off with Pinky Schism, an' I wouldn't be s'prised 'f she were married an' all by this time!"

Mr. Lassum sprang to the floor, and turned instinctively toward the spot where he had been accustomed to leave his trousers some ten or more years ago. Strange to say, after so great a lapse of time he found them where he last placed them. It had been a daily duty of Clorinda's to shake, turn, and lay them neatly over the back of the chair. When Mr. Lassum was first attacked by his most mysterious and insidious disease, he weighed less than at present, was, indeed, of rather a slender physique, and popularly known among his friends as "Long Job Lassum"; but since then he had accumulated an immense amount of flesh, so when he attempted to get into his long-discarded garment, he found that though originally cut to allow plenty of room, particularly as to breadth, it was now a very tight fit. Dressed, he presented the appearance of having been melted and poured in hot.

"Hitch up the mule, Zebedee," he sternly commanded. "The ungrateful creater! After all I done f'r that girl; more'n a mother to 'er."

Zebedee stood spellbound, rooted to the spot; then a great light seemed to break through his mind. Reflections of contempt, disgust, and anger succeeded each other rapidly over his face. With suspicious alacrity he strode to the stable, and harnessed the mule to the nondescript vehicle in which he and Clorinda had gone to bush meeting the previous Sunday.

"I 'spicioned it," he said, wrathfully, as he drove to the house. "I 'spicioned it this many a year, an' now I know it."

With difficulty Mr. Lassum climbed into the seat. He was too angry as yet to appreciate the novelty of his surroundings. With all the weakness of a petty tyrannical nature set at defiance, he raged at the Schisms and his daughter. Livid with anger, the hands that grasped the sides of the wagon for support shook as if with the ague. Zeb leaned forward, elbows on knees, the reins hanging loosely from his hands. Occasionally he jerked the mule's mouth, and made a queer chirruping noise to hasten progress, but his thoughts were far away from the present. He thought of the days immediately after the war, ten years ago, when the burden of the family's support fell on his shoulders, how he blindly followed his own idea of what was best, caring tenderly, as his nature prompted, for Clorinda, and reverently for his father. He recalled the feeling of awe with which in those first hard years he used to stand beside the bed, how he prayed to God morning, noon, and night, in his attic room and in the field, to relieve the sufferer and put the pain on him.

Hard, hard, hard! But harder in after-years, when a doubt as to the genuineness of this affliction began to fasten itself on his mind. When the neighbors gathered around to provide his father the spiritual refreshment of which by reason of his infirmity he was deprived, black thoughts tortured him as he sat apart and heard the plaintive hymn or the supplicating prayer for mercy and relief

His was an honest soul. He had for years struggled for grace to do the right. Many times had he been on the point of accusing his father of imposture, but always doubt of his own judgment sealed his lips. He was faint and sick mentally at the contemplation of this hypocrisy, established now beyond a doubt. He thought over Biblical examples of sinners and their swift punishment, and could call to mind no sin commensurate with this. He would not have been astonished had some dreadful evidence of wrath descended from the sky upon the man at his side.

Mr. Lassum, before five miles of the road had been traversed, began to experience sensations of bodily discomfort. He was a rustic sybarite within the very limited sphere in which it had pleased Providence to place him. No one annoyed him with unpleasant details of house-keeping; no startling announcements were made in his presence. Clorinda's low voice was lower in speaking to him, and Zeb's deep bass took on a velvety softness. His nature was not strong enough to support a steady anger. He wanted some one to hear him call names, but his companion's face was not reassuring. Gradually the naked truth dawned upon him. He had in an unguarded moment hopelessly destroyed his reputation as an invalid—a reputation of ten years' assiduous cultivation.

His occupation was *gone*.

The sun set, and a cold wind blew up from the river. A great white moon loomed dreamily out of a violet mist.

Mr. Lassum's anger was merged in the appreciation of his great mistake. He was tired, sore, and hungry, and they jolted on in silence. He cleared his throat, changed his position, and sighed, but could see no way out of his dilemma.

It was Zeb who spoke first. "Pap," he began, in a voice totally unlike his own, "seem's to me 's ef there's ben a misun'erstan'in' somewheres."

"How so, my son?"

"Well, about a pa'cel o' things, but mos' in partic'lar about this cur'ous complaint o' yourn. Seems a'most to *me* 's ef it were a maracle."

Escape was made known. Like a flash he seized his opportunity.

"Zebedee," he said, in an awe-struck voice, "that's jes what it were—a maracle!"

Zeb turned his honest face, dark with indignation, upon him; but for a time the shrewder intellect baffled his own. There was a reverence of expression on his father's features that made him feel guilty of profanity.

"A maracle, that's what it were."

His eyes never wavered from the gaze of his son, who in deep disgust turned from him, looked helplessly down the dusky road, and suddenly drew the loose rein.

"Whoa, there! Let's have it out now 'tween me an' you, fin'erstood an' all. I might's well tell yo' 'at I don't believe in the maracle business *no*way. That is, o' co'se, outside o' Scripter; an' it's come to me to-night 'at yo' made a purty consider'ble fool of us all. Not on'y me, but Clorindy; an' not on'y Clorindy, but the whole country 's well. I don't care about myself. The good Lord *He* knows yo' was al'ays welcome to what *I* done f'r yo'; but there's Clorindy, it do make me bile when I think o' her a-doin' things day in an' out 'at you ought to 'a' done yo'se'f. But that ain't the wust, by a long shot. It make me feel squeamish when I think o' you a-layin' there, an' a-layin f'r ten long year. Ten—long—year—yo' laid there. Ef 't had a-ben anybody else's father, somehow 'twouldn't mattered so much; but all the neighbors a-comin' aroun' yo' an' a-prayin'. Gosh! when I think o' all them good prayers wasted, an' all them hymns f'r nothin', jes to entertain yo' like, an' *you* mayby a-laughin' to yo'se'f, I—I—feel like sayin' somethink!"

Mr. Lassum murmured a sympathetic response.

"But *that* ain't what I'm a-gettin' to. Ef the folks know'd you'd ben a-foolin' 'em f'r ten year, peaceable 's they is, they'd tar and feather yo', I do believe in my heart."

A convulsive tremor ran over the culprit's white body. "Betwix' me an' *you*, Zebedee," he began, persuasively.

"Yo' needn't 'xpec' me to make *no* explanations f'r *yo'*. All I want to know is this, what yo' goin' to do about Pinky an' Clorindy?"

"*Him* to come a-cararin' pas'—"

"That ain't the thing. I reckon ef people know'd what me an' *you* knows they'd stop longer'n yo' want 'em, an' be more partic'lar in their 'tentions than 'ud please yo'. This is what I want to know, are you a-goin' to give your consent peaceable like to Pinky an' Clorindy when we come up with 'em, supposin' we ever do? Yes or no?"

"H-m-m," began Mr. Lassum again, to be again interrupted.

"I can't reconcile it to my conscience to be a partaker in a lie with you, knowin' as well 's I do 'at a sin 's a sin; but Clorindy's had all the domineerin' she's goin' to stan', an' much 's I hate it, I'll make a even trade with yo'. Promise to do the square thing by Clorindy, an' I'll keep my mouth shet on the subject o' yo' maracle 's long 's yo' say nothin' about it before *me*. Yes or no?"

In the silence that followed, Mr. Lassum looked to all points of the compass for advice, and found it not. He looked up into the wonderful depths of the dusky sky, and down to the shadowy roadway.

Zeb was working himself into a passion, after the manner of meek and long-suffering natures when touched to the quick.

"Yes or no?"

"My son, my son, do not be so vi'lent. Seein' 'at it is Clorindy, an' 'at I might 'a' ben a *leetle* hard on the young man on his father's account, I promise to consider; yes, I'll think about it."

"Promise now," said Zeb, "'at they shall marry when they like, or say no more about it, an' les us each go our ways; but you'll be sorry ef yo' don't."

"An' from hencefo'th this subjec' shall be nameless 'twix' me an' you?"

"It ain't such a pleasant un 'at we'll want to chaw it over o' evenin's, is it? *I* won't. An' now I'm on this track, I might 's well tell yo' 'at I reckon on marryin' myse'f before long, an' even after Clorindy's gone you'll be looked to."

He jerked the reins, and called, "Git up, will ye?" The mule plunged forward into the moonlight, and around the bend of the road they came upon a break-down.

A maiden all forlorn sat by the way-side, opposite stood the crestfallen figure of Mr. Pinky Schism, and between them lay the remains of a smart new road-wagon. The chestnut colt was not there.

"Clorindy, Clorindy," called her father, "I take it all back, ev'ry word; an' I come a-purpose to tell yo' so."

At his voice the girl started, frightened, shocked; and her companion, after the fashion of his illustrious ancestor, many, many degrees removed, instinctively shielded himself behind her.

"Oh, pap, pap!" she sobbed, "it was a mean thing to do—to leave yo', an' you so good—never a cross word, an' now this 'll kill 'im."

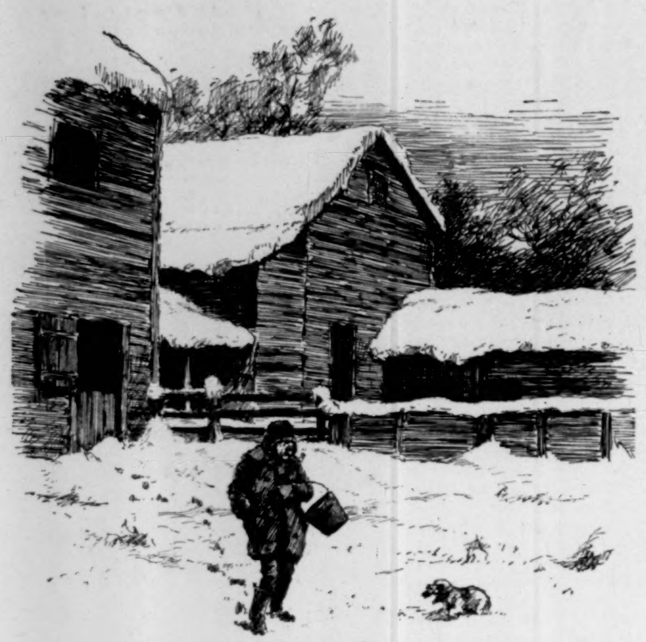
"Clorindy," said Zeb, leisurely getting down from his place, "it 'll make a man of him—a well man—from this time fo'th; an' you can thank yo' stars to that effec' 'at yo' taken the co'se yo' did. Pap 'll shake hands with Pinky, an' repeat the words 'at I have said."

Mr. Lassum beamed upon his would-be son-in-law: "We're a-many times mistaken, an' I never was the man—a pore 'flicted invalid like *me*—to bear spite. One evenin', some time ago in the summer, I might 'a' ben a little hasty. Maybe you wasn't as respec'ful as *you* might 'a' ben. I won't be the man to say yo' *wasn't*, an' I won't say yo' *was*; but"—he looked over his shoulder to make sure of Zeb's convenient distance, and lowered his voice—"they's ben a maracle, else how come myse'f yer, after ten year bein' obliged to keep my bed? Don't speak to Zebedee on the subjec'; f'r all his religion Zebedee 'ain't that respec' f'r sacred things 'at I could wish."

The young men went in search of the refractory colt, and left Clorinda an awed listener to her father's recital. She never lost faith in the "maracle," and, to Zeb's credit, was never enlightened. She married very soon after. The wedding, all her heart desired—just as she had planned when she first contemplated herself as a bride. The facts of the unsuccessful elopement were never wholly known to the community.

In the course of a few months Miss Jenny Taylor became Mrs. Zebedee Lassum, and reigned in Clorinda's stead. Mr. Lassum's bodily strength increased but gradually, although he never was compelled to keep his trying position in bed again. He fed the chickens, and with the assistance of his hound kept them out of the garden; he drove the turkeys into the tobacco patch, and sometimes felt able to feed the hogs; but his duties principally consisted in sitting in the porch and furnishing an unlimited quantity of advice on all subjects. He loved, too, in Zeb's absence, to enlarge on the marvel of "the maracle," whose wonders and accompanying peculiarities had so increased that the topic alone sufficed for an afternoon's entertainment. He was regarded with no little awe by many of his associates, noticeably by women, and much sympathy was expressed for the total lack of appreciation coldly manifested by his son, who evidently had no faith in miracles of the present day, and whose advent was the signal for the most inspired recital to come to a sudden and embarrassed conclusion.

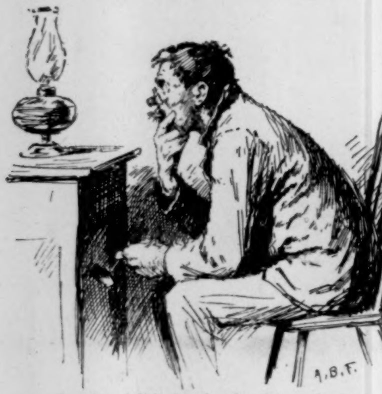
S. Elgar Benet.



FARMING.

XVIII.

At last the many-hued autumn passed away on glittering golden sandals, and the only proof that the trees had ever known summer was visible in the few stray brown, curled leaflets that still clung and trembled on the scrub-oaks. And then old winter came on apace with such fury that even our winter apples could not resist its power to freeze them, until they were as hard and frigid as so many snowballs. By keeping a rousing fire all the time, and drinking plenty of hot water for my dyspepsia, I managed to keep reasonably warm, although I often thought of the poor Esquimau, and how he keeps up a happy glow on a diet of oil, while I looked fondly at the kerosene lamp, as though I would empty it at a draught, in imitation of the hardy seal-hunter.



"If cold weather and snow combined make a good fertilizer," I remarked, "next year ought to be a great one for crops."

"Do you expect to farm another year?" asked Phillada. "Perhaps the owner of Dove's Nest will want it."

"He will have it, whether he wants it or not," I responded, glad of the opportunity to declare myself.

"Indeed I think we have tested farming," she went on, without even indulging in a smile at my expense.

"Indeed we have," I said, from the bottom of my heart, when I thought of the trials, expense, and results of the wild experiment. "But there is one thing I must do first of all."

"And what may that be?" asked Phillada.

"I must have a doctor order me back. If we go from preference, we shall be laughed at; but if our return be but a question of health, the sympathy of our friends will be lavished upon us."

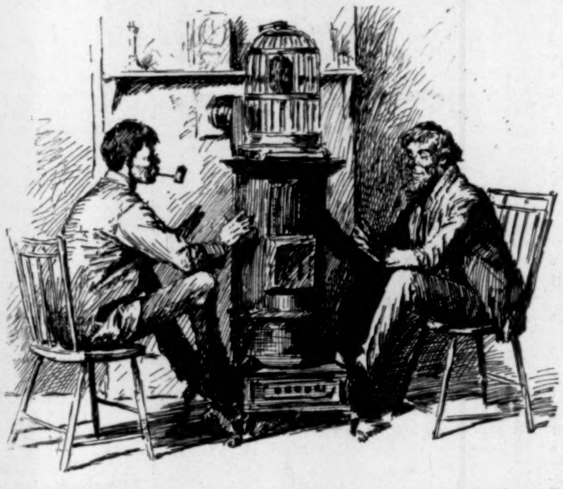
That very day I trudged over to Cranberry Corners—for it was too cold to drive—and made a call on the doctor.

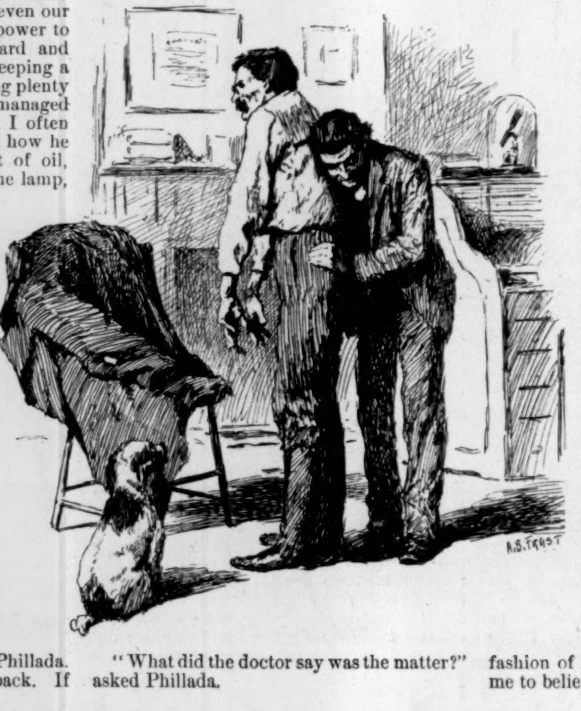
"I see," he said, after he had asked me a few questions; "a hard out-door occupation, and no rest of body or spirit. The thing you need is not medicine, but an in-door life, a sedentary occupation. Now if you could only get to the city, where you could, for instance, keep a set of books, you would be a new man in a month."

"Once upon a time I was a bookkeeper," I replied, with a laugh.

"Go and be one again," he said, "and you will be all right."

I never paid more cheerfully for anything in my life than I did for that advice, and I walked home so briskly that the observer would have been more apt to suspect that I was running from home for a doctor than that I was running home from a doctor. In fact, no one would have for a moment suspected that there was anything the matter with my general health.



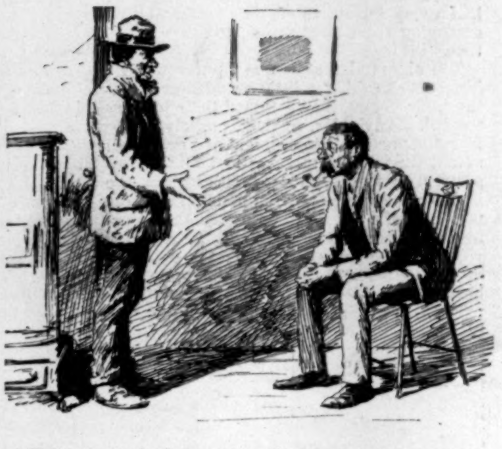


"What did the doctor say was the matter?" asked Phillada.

"Nothing," I replied; "but I've got to go to the city for it."

We never before experienced such happiness in Dove's Nest as this prospect of getting out of it. We were filled with gentle visions of picture exhibitions, and matinées, and pleasant luncheons at the restaurant, and the thousand and one other things that serve to make life worth living in the city.

In the course of a few days I managed to effect a compromise with the owner of the place, who, it seems, in his efforts to dispense Dutch windmills on a large scale, was about as successful as I had been in distinguishing myself as a farmer, inasmuch as the great majority of the descendants of the old Dutch settlers—who would naturally acknowledge a predilection for the quaint windmills of Holland—lived in New York, where the windmill toils not, neither does it spin.



As the real proprietor would be on hand to take possession in the course of two weeks, I made up my mind tc take things easy for that period of time. In looking over the columns of our daily paper, that was often several days of age when it reached us, I learned that our old flat was in the market; and by correspondence I succeeded in securing it at the old figure, which was very satisfactory to me, and saved me the trouble and annoyance of going to town on a flat hunt.

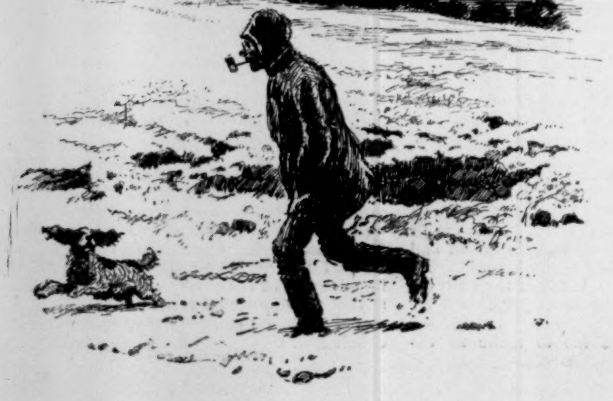
About this time a recently landed Irishman came to me and solicited the privilege of working for his board. Indeed, the weather was too cold to warrant even a naturally hard-hearted man in closing his ears to and his door against such a pathetic appeal as a prayer for labor without pecuniary reward. So I smiled upon his humble petition, knowing that if I could only prevent his presence at the kitchen stove, he would be obliged to work to keep warm, and that would give me a chance to part my coat tails at the open fireplace, and enjoy a slight portion of the long-needed rest that the doctor suggested on the occasion of my recent visit.

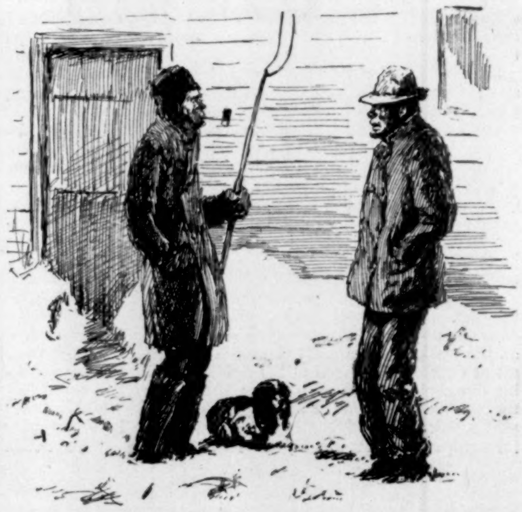
Although a fairly attentive workman, I think he was chiefly to be enjoyed through his attempts at sociability, which were never lacking. Whenever he entered a warm room he would prefer some complaint, such as the fact, discovered by him, that a certain leak in the barn was letting the rain into the bran bin; or offer a suggestion, such as blanketing the cow as well as the horses; and then drift off into a series of reminiscences after the fashion of Mr. Van Sickle. This at first led me to believe that he was a worthy man; but before many days I learned that it was simply a trick of his to gain a cessation of motion, and to stand in glowing comfort before the stove.

"I don't think you should blame the poor man," said Phillada one day, after I had been expressing myself on his manner of working, or rather avoiding work; "he must get an occasional chill out there."

"Perhaps he does," I replied; "he certainly stands still long enough to. But that should not excite your sympathy; for when he gets a chill by simply standing still, he should realize a burning fever by working like a beaver."

R. K. Munkittrick.





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If we allow our bodily infirmities to make away with us through neglect, have we such an immense moral advantage over the deliberate suicide? Scarcely. For example, the deadly progress of Bright's disease, diabetes, acute nephritis, and gravel is sure—often terribly swift in the catastrophe. Most people of average information know that this is the simple, unvarnished truth in regard to those widely prevalent maladies. To delay judicious medication is specially suicidal in such cases. The means of restraint is to be found in Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Give an impetus to the action of the kidneys with this safe and reliable diuretic, and the infant complaint is shorn at its birth of the power for evil. Allow it to grow, and anticipate the worst. The Bitters, which annihilates these growing troubles, also eradicates dyspepsia, rheumatism, malarial and liver complaints. Appetite, sleep, and vigor are also promoted by it.—[*Adv.*]

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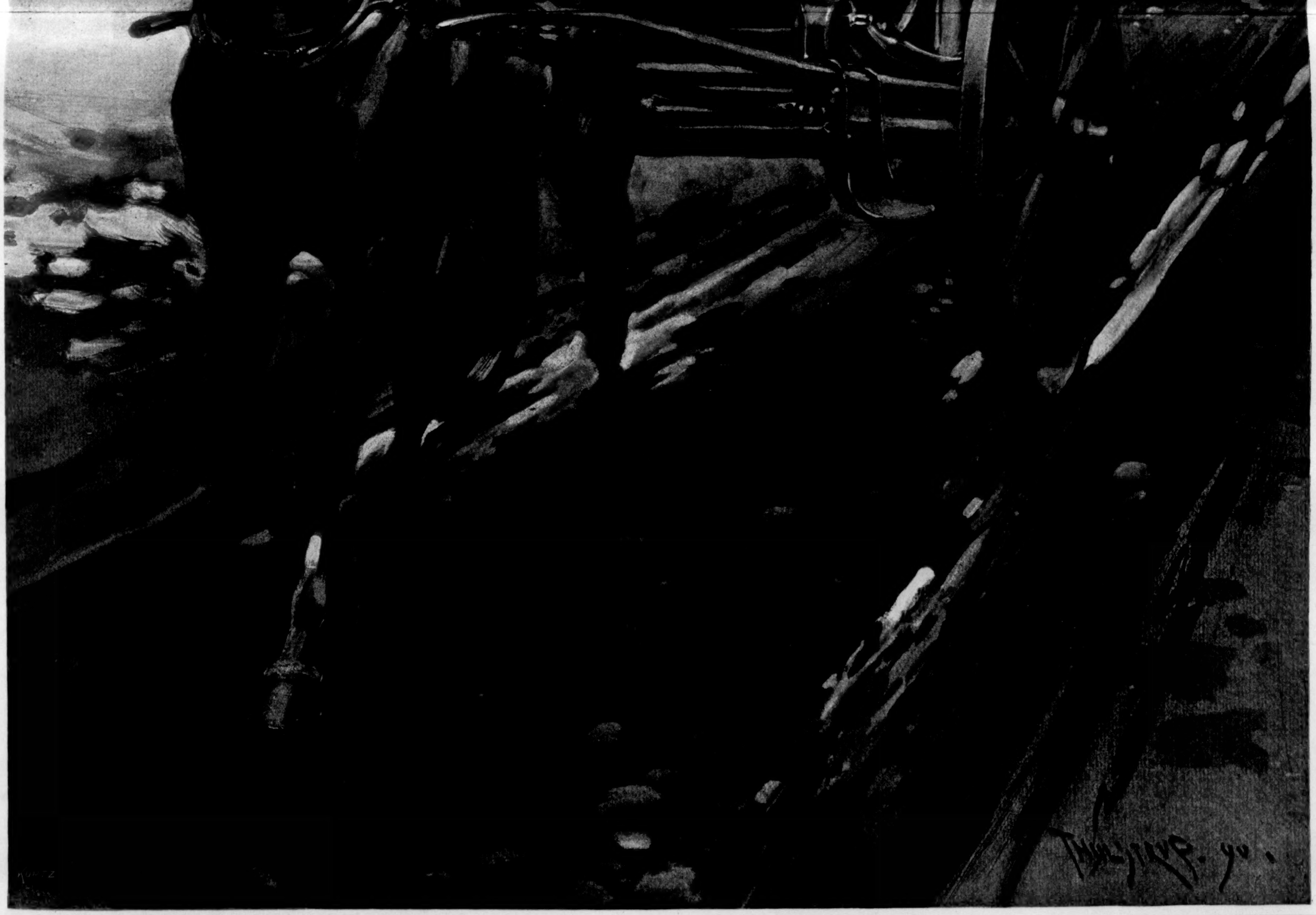
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